Maine Farmer.

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Maine Farmer.

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Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man

A Thought or two on Lime Cements.

The civilized world could not get along very well without a little cement. If the "cement of friendship" sticks society together, a little cement of lime is equally as necessary to make society comfortable and keep it in a mood to enjoy the social blessings of friendship, and the fraternal virtues. The base of cement as used in buildings and structures of different kinds, is quick lime. This, according to the different modifications it receives, by addition of different materials, is varied and rendered applicable to the different purposes and places it is required to occupy. For instance, it requires a very different condition of lime to make a mortar, or cement, that will harden and remain solid under water, from that which is merely wanted to plaster a room, or to lay up a brick chimney. Limestone, we all know, is a hard and durable stone. In what is known as marble, it presents its most solid and enduring form. When burnt, this marble loses a quantity of carbonic acid gas, and a little water, and becomes a brittle, crumbly mass, which can be reduced easily to powder.

The principle, or art of making a good cement of this is, after placing it in the situation that you want it, between bricks or stones, or on the surface of a wall for instance, is to restore it to its solid compact state, in which you found it before it was burnt. In short, you wish to get it back again to a solid marble, and the nearer you come to this, the better and more durable will be your cement. How to do this comprises the practical art of making and using cements.

Fortunately, quick lime has a great attraction for water and carbonic acid gas. From the moment the fire in the lime kiln is extinguished, the lime endeavors, so to speak, to get back the lost ingredients driven off by the heat, and return to its original condition. Apply water to quick lime, and it greedily attracts and combines with it. At first, it combines with and solidifies the particles of water to itself so rapidly, that the latent heat of the water is liberated, sometimes so rapidly and in such quantities as to kindle a blaze and set buildings on fire. After it has obtained water enough, it begins to attract and suck in carbonic acid gas from the air, and become gradually more solid. If a little compression be used so as to bring the particles nearer together, it would, in time, become marble again. When there is no pressure used, the small particles seem to act independently, and thus form what is called air-slaked lime.

In the common method of making cement, or mortar, after applying water and slaking, as it is called, sharp or angular shaped sand is mixed and worked into it, which gives it a more easily managed consistency for the trowel whereby to work it. It also serves to compress the particles of the lime, and give them something to adhere to, or "stick to," as a Yankee would say, and thus, by the absorption of the carbonic acid gas from the air, become solid and compact in less time than it otherwise would. The more minute angles, or corners the lime has to cling to, the better and stronger the mortar. We once examined a piece of mortar cement that was known to be one hundred and fifty years old, and was probably much older. It was made in the "Old Colony" by the pilgrims or some of their descendants. It was made from lime derived from burning oyster, clam, quahog and other shells of the sea coast. It was exceedingly hard. We could not detect by the eye any sand, although there probably was some in it, but there were innumerable small sharp pieces and scales of shells imbedded in the mass in every direction. Whether these pieces of shells were parts of the shells exposed to the fire, and not sufficiently burned to slake with the rest of the lime, or, whether they were pounded up and put in, as we put in sand while mixing the mortar, we could not say. In either case, however, they appeared to add immensely to the solidity and tenacity of the cement, on account of their sharp corners and angles.

Since the above was written we have perused a communication to the *Country Gentleman*, of 30th April last, on the subject of lime cement over the signature of "L.," Richmondville, Mich.

His remarks on the theory of the action of lime in cements coincide in part with ours, as above given. The following practical hints we copy from him:

"Cement made dry by the absorption of the water in its composition by the dry bricks, will not compress sufficiently dense, as an examination with a powerful glass will readily show; the dry particles seem to act as braces to each other; while in the other case (where moist bricks were used) the water seems to act as a lubricator to the particles, and, as it leaves, the cement becomes more and more dense. Cement, to be good, must be dense. Carbonic acid gas will not fill interstices, but cement or unite dense particles.

The length of time required to perfect cement, will of course depend upon the condition it was in when used, and its accessibility to the air from which it absorbs its carbonic acid. Good mortar can be easily made with air-slaked lime, by sifting the lime when dry, and mixing it with the sand before adding the water. Any old air-slaked lime will make good cement, only use a little more of it. Lime, after being used for purifying gas, will make good enough cement for outbuildings. If you desire to have strongly cemented walls, see that your bricks are well filled with water before they are laid up."

These thoughts pertain to lime mortar or cements used where exposed to the atmosphere. Thoughts on hydraulic cements, or water limes, may form the subject of another chapter at some future time. We have almost all the varieties of lime in Maine, though there has been no hydraulic lime as yet manufactured among us.

New Books about Sheep.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia, are about to publish a new and enlarged edition of the work on sheep husbandry by Hon. H. S. Randall, L. L. D., entitled "The Practical Shepherd." It will form a volume of about 400 pages, and from the reputation of the author will be the best work on sheep husbandry ever published in this country.

We also learn that J. R. Dodge of the Department of Agriculture is engaged upon a work on Sheep Husbandry.

Waste Substances made Useful.

A little work has recently been published in England entitled, "Waste Products and Undeveloped Substances, or Hints for Enterprise in Neglected Fields." We are not aware that a copy has found its way across the water, or that it will be re-published here; but we wish such a work, written especially for farmers, could be in the hands of every one of our readers. There are undeveloped resources and substances upon and around every farm, which, could they be employed and turned to useful purposes, would swell the income of the farms to nearly double their present amount, without increasing to a very great extent the expenses of the same. Attention has been turned to many of these within a few years, and bogs and swamps formerly considered as waste lands have been reclaimed, and now produce wonderful crops of grass and grain; the manurial resources of the farm have in many instances been husbanded in such a manner that nothing is allowed to be wasted; and in other ways substances before regarded as worthless are turned to profitable account. The present is also a time when these undeveloped substances should be employed and made to increase the productiveness and value of the farm to a greater extent than ever before.

In visiting a farm recently, we noticed in one of the open sheds attached to the buildings an accumulation of hen manure, in all to the amount of two or three bushels. Here, we thought, was an undeveloped substance, which, if composted with ashes, or lime and muck, and used as a hill-dressing, would increase the present year's corn crop at least ten bushels. Is not this worth saving? If, by a few hours' extra work in preparing and applying the above mentioned idle material, our farmer friend could add to his crop of corn ten bushels, or even five, would it not be a good investment, and one that would pay better than any other operation demanding no more time? We also discovered a considerable quantity of old bones lying round in several places, which were not only an unsightly object about the buildings, and should have been removed even for the sake of neatness and cleanliness; but we thought how easy a matter it would be to collect them together, reduce them as much as possible by breaking them with an axe or sledge, place them in a half-hogshead in alternate layers with unleached ashes, keeping the whole moist, and in this way also, make them contribute to the manurial substances afforded by the farm.

There are substances other than those used as fertilizers, which are yet remaining idle upon many farms, and may be referred to hereafter; but as we are upon this particular topic, one other means of fertilization usually neglected, will be mentioned. The scrapings and washings of highways afford a means of fertilization not often employed, but which can be turned to account in two methods. In many cases the washings can be turned over grass fields by the construction of small channels, furnishing an excellent means of irrigation; and where the situation does not admit of this, the turf in the gutters can be removed and used to absorb the liquids of the stables or to be added to the hog-pen. The gutters where the sods or loam are removed, can be filled again with muck or loam from some other locality, and the highway be made a profitable manufactory without infringing upon the law of highways for the safety of travelers.

Cedar Hedge, &c.---Query.

Messrs. Editors:—We are contemplating placing a cedar hedge around our garden, and I would like to inquire through your columns when the best time would be to set it, and the best method. Is it best to manure? Also I would inquire if it will pay to dig around and dress old apple-trees; ours are apparently dying out.

Vassalboro', 5th mo., 4th, 1863. H. R. S.

Note. The plants of the white cedar are perfectly hardy, and are sure to grow under almost any treatment, although its dingy brown hue in winter is one objection to it as an ornamental hedge. The plants can be propagated from the seed, or taken directly from the nursery or forest. When taken from the forest, plants about two feet high are preferred; but if they are to be transported a long distance one foot high would be better, on account of saving freight. They can be set out now, and should be placed about ten inches apart. It bears trimming very well, but should not be trimmed the first year after being set. Trim in May or June.

Apple-trees would be greatly benefitted by the course you suggest; but if your orchard is old and fast decaying, it would be better to commence a new one than to expend a great deal in rennovating the old one.—Eds.

About Lambs.

That method of doing a thing which presents the most advatages and the fewest disadvantages is without doubt the best method. In proof of this Mr. Bradbury Dinsmore of Bloomfield, thinks the best time to have lambs come, is about the first of April, as the sheep are then at the yards, they can be seen to with little trouble, the lambs get a good growth by fall, and if the sheep have been kept well through the winter, they will give a good supply of milk. If lambs do not come until the last of April or first of May, the sheep are away in the pasture, they must be yarded every night, and many lambs are lost by being caught by foxes or chilled by the cold and rains.

"What do you do to make a sheep own her lambs? Many young sheep will not do it."

"Sprinkle fine salt on them. The sheep get a taste of the salt, commence to lick it, and finally think the lamb belongs them and they had better own it. A neighbor of mine, Mr. Allen, who is an old shepherd, has practiced this method for many years and regards it as the best of anything he can do."

Another Addition to a Choice Herd.

The *Country Gentleman*, of 14th inst., says:

"Thomas S. Lang, Esq., of North Vassalboro', Maine, is entering into operations in earnest as a Short-horn breeder, having just procured in addition to previous purchases from others sources, the following noted cows which were all imported by Samuel Thorn, (of Thorndale, Washington Hollow, Dutchess county, N. Y.,) and for several years have done good service as breeders at Thorndale; Lalla Rookh, Peri, Victoria 26th, and Aurora, with a bull calf from the last, sired by Royal Oxford, and the bull Matadore by 3d Duke of Thorndale—in all six head."

We are pleased to place on record, in these war-like times, another evidence of Friend Lang's peaceful prosperity, and shall avail ourselves of an opportunity to view the animals in question.

Notes from Our Copy Drawer.

New Mill Machinery. A correspondent at New Brunswick writes us that he has invented a machine for manufacturing lumber, which will work up double the amount of lumber of any other machine yet made. He wishes to correspond with a gentleman of capital who will engage with him in their manufacture. Parties interested can address Marriner Price, Kingsclear, York, N. B.

To Prevent Grape Vines from Bleeding. Mr. Weeks of Vassalboro', informs us that as he was engaged in removing some grape vines one of them was accidentally bruised and was afterwards cut off. It bled profusely, and grafting wax and other appliances were resorted to to prevent it, but to no purpose. At length he took a piece of an india rubber shoe, drew it over the end of the vine and tied it securely, and it completely stopped the vine from bleeding. This is a hint worth remembering.

Paving Barnyards. A correspondent of the *Plowman* advocates paving cellar bottoms, both of barn cellars and dwelling houses. It is a good plan, likewise, to pave barnyards as they are thereby made smooth and dry. The expense would not be great and many advantages would result therefrom.

To Cleanse a Well. One of our Aroostook subscribers writes us that he first bailed out the water, then filled the well up with straw and burned it. After this the stones were washed, and a little lime slacked in the well, which made the water sweet and pure.

A Thoughtful and Faithful Wife. The wife of one of our subscribers now bravely serving his country in the field, sends us the following request which we gladly comply with:

Messrs. Editors:—I suppose you are aware that my husband is in the army, but I intend to keep the farm in as good order as I can, and I see by the *Farmer* that you propose to send a paper of tobacco seed to any of your subscribers who will send you a postage stamp. If you will do so I shall be greatly obliged, for I am in hopes my husband will be back this fall, and he is a dear lover of the weed, and I know would be very much pleased if he should find some tobacco growing on his return home.

Yours with respect, J. B. W.

Greenfield, April 10, 1863.

Manual of Flax Culture.

We announced some weeks ago that Bro. Moore of the *Rural New Yorker*, was to publish a work with the above title, and we have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy. It forms a pamphlet of 48 pages, and although evincing much haste in its preparation, it nevertheless comprises the principal operations involved in the culture and manufacture of flax and hemp, illustrated by several engravings. The articles given are from practical men, and it will be a most useful hand-book for those of our readers who are engaged in growing flax. Price 25 cts. Address the publisher, D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, N. Y.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer

Manures---Queries for Correspondents.

Messrs. Editors:—Having noticed that many farmers in this vicinity are leaving their manure made the past winter in their yards, for the ensuing season, to be washed and dried and unreservedly exposed to other atmospherical influences; and while others are assiduously applying their new dressing to the soil, the following inquiries have become instituted in my mind which it would give me much pleasure to have discussed through the columns of your estimable paper.

1st. Can raw manures be as thoroughly composted and decomposed under a shed or in a barn cellar, as in the open yard?

2d. Will the preservatory effect of the soil upon new manure plowed under, have a tendency to hinder or only retard the perfect decomposition of manure so applied?

3d. Cannot the ammoniacal qualities which are almost constantly evolving from a heap of manure be arrested by the use of plaster or some other deodoriser, and thus a certain percentage be saved?

As the pressure of the times demand that economy and improvement should become the watchwords of the hour for the agriculturist, perhaps you may confer a favor upon many of your numerous subscribers, by answering the above queries. H. B. Williams.

South China, May 8, 1863.

Note. We have heretofore given our opinion upon these questions so many times, that we prefer to pass the inquiries of our correspondent over to our readers, hoping to draw from their experience results which will enlighten all who are interested in this important subject.—Eds.

For the Maine Farmer.

Diseases of Sheep.

Messrs. Editors:—As the *Farmer* seems to be a paper devoted exclusively to the interests of the farmers throughout the State, upon topics of general information, I thought it would be appropriate for me to convey information on the above subject, if you deem it worthy of publication.

In the *Farmer* of March 26th, there was an inquiry made for the cure of sore mouth in sheep. A Monroe subscriber recommends tar applied to the mouth, and a spoonful to eat, in the following proportion: three quarts of tar for sixty-five sheep. In December last, I got a buck of one of my neighbors and turned him into a flock of forty sheep and lambs for half an hour daily. A few days afterwards I discovered that the buck had a sore mouth, and did not turn him out again into the flock, and in a few days the whole flock had the sore mouth, as it is a contagious disease. I applied the following with the desired effect: take lard and sulphur mixed, and add a little salt; remove the scab, and apply it with a spatula of wood, once or twice, as may be deemed necessary.

I learned the above remedy of Mr. Wm. B. Merry of Anson, (an extensive breeder of nice Spanish Merino sheep,) which he never knew to fail in effecting a cure when applied. C. M. G.

Industry, April 11, 1863.

For the Maine Farmer.

Tobacco Seed, &c.

Messrs. Editors:—I raised about thirty plants of tobacco last year which got ripe before the frost. It was raised from seed that had ripened in this State the year before. I also saved a paper of seed obtained from the Patent Office, but not a seed of it came up. I also obtained a paper this season from the Patent Office, labelled Maryland seed. I sowed some three weeks since, but not one seed has come up. I sowed some of my own raising at the same time, which is up and looking thrifty. I did not understand cultivating and curing mine the last season, and let it all go to seed; but it made much better smoking tobacco than most you get at the stores. I should advise all who intend to raise tobacco, to get the work published by Orange Judd of New York. I intend to raise a patch this year, according to his book, and will give you the result, if not a hank of the same.

Yours truly, G. F. Sanborn.

North Dixmont, April, 1863.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Agricultural Literature.

Agricultural literature has temptations which few can resist. It forms a most important chapter in the history of the world. It contains the true economy of nations in their rise and fall. The connection between the sciences and the useful arts, the application of physical forces and of close analysis to the cultivation of the earth, the laws governing the seasons, the results of experiments, the career of agriculture, are subjects of unbounded interest to all men. Who has ever grown weary over the marvels of ancient granaries, or lost his interest in the record of farming inscribed on the walls and tablets of the oldest nations of the earth? Who can forget that agriculture was the chief occupation of the chosen people of God, from the day that their founder commenced life in the service of Laban, to the destruction of their nationality in the "land flowing with milk and honey?" Who has not dwelt with admiration on the devotion of the Romans to the soil which they conquered, and on that agricultural pride which prompted them to name their most distinguished families from the products of the earth—Fabii, Lentuli, Pisones? Who has not warmed with delight over the words which Cicero puts into the mouth of the aged Cato—"I come now to the pleasures of husbandry, in which I take vast delight?" They are not interrupted by old age, and they seem to be pursuits in which a wise man's life should be spent. The earth does not rebel against authority; it never gives back but with usury what it receives. The gains of husbandry are not what exclusively commend it. I am charmed with the nature and productive virtues of the soil. Can those old men be called unhappy who delight in the cultivation of the soil? In my opinion there can be no happier life, not only because the tillage of the earth is salutary to all, but for the pleasure it yields,—words full of fresh and healthy delight to old and young?

Who does not read with amazement of the agricultural wealth and enterprise of the Saracens and Moors, who made Spain a garden in spite of all natural obstacles? How interesting is the story of the dependence of all nations upon the farming community, of the levies for feeding armies—of the great purveyance by which the kings and courts of England were fed from the farm houses, on their journeys through the kingdom. How filled with deeper interest the first faint and feeble efforts of our fathers to raise their scanty crops on the sands of Plymouth, and on the rugged hillsides—cradling the infancy of a mighty nation in the maternal lap of agriculture. Could English literature be deprived of the writings of Fitzherbert, whose Book of Husbandry is as fresh now as when written more than three centuries ago—or of the practical wisdom of Jethro Tull—or of the thoughts of Smith, and Lisle and Home, of Cobbett, and Arthur Young—could the literature of England be deprived of this, and not lose one of its chiefest charms, one of its national characteristics? Read the accounts of progressive agriculture in Scotland, Holland, France; read the miraculous success in subduing the hardest soils recorded in Talpa; read the ingenious operations of Mechi, and tell me if the Arabian Nights or the Happy Valley can carry the mind into sweeter regions. Follow our own Colman in his enthusiastic researches, and you may live in all the freshness of glowing country. Take, if you will, the text-book of the very foundation of all good farming, French on drainage, and the swamps and morasses and clay-beds of New England become to your mind as full of vegetable beauty as are teeming savannahs. Let your eye wander over the last State Report on Agriculture, lying on your table, and, before you are aware of it, you are introduced by your industrious and accomplished Secretary to the rural homes of a happy people, whose hills and valleys are alive with growing crops and with flocks and herds. And when you have faithfully toiled through the last leader of your favorite editor upon the "great doctrine of popular sovereignty," or upon our foreign relations, or "have supped full of horrors" upon murders and robberies, or have been lashed into indignation at some newspaper abuse of your best friend, lay this all aside, and take up your last agricultural journal—do you not feel at once with an indescribable satisfaction, that you "have kept the good wine until now?"

It is indeed so. All men read the literature of agriculture with peculiar zest, and dream of farms, and are soothed and comforted with the hope of one day being farmers. And this literature is your prerogative, the text of your profession, the soul and spirit of your business, the thought which is freely offered you, and which will make you better farmers, happier men, if you will but learn to love it in your youth, and to cherish and cling to it in your old age.—*Geo. B. Loring.*

Kitchen Slops and Tomatoes.

N. K. Meriam, of Grafton Station, Mass., has adopted a simple and cheap expedient for growing early tomatoes and disposing of the slops from the kitchen at one operation. The kitchen yard is in a warm, sheltered place, with a Southern exposure. Barrels are placed near the wall nearly filled with rich earth. In these tomato plants are placed early in the season and may be easily covered up on cold nights. As the plants grow and increase in foliage, and thus throw off large quantities of moisture, the kitchen slops are poured into the barrels for watering the plants. The warmth, moisture, and elements of fertility thus supplied, produce an early growth; while the confinement of the roots in the barrel prevents too much running to stem at the expense of fruit. The barrels should not be water tight, but admit of drainage. Any number of barrels may be thus placed in a row, and be planted with cucumbers and other vegetables. If properly trained, they present a neat and ornamental appearance, and the barrels serve as reservoirs to get rid of kitchen slops, so often a nuisance about kitchen doors. —*Annual Register.*

Hungarian Hay for Sheep.

Last spring I had six acres of corn destroyed by gophers. It being too late to replant, I sowed the ground to Hungarian seed, June 11th. Cut the same in September, and all who saw it estimated it at four tons to the acre. I commenced on the 6th of December to feed a flock of eighty lambs Hungarian hay *once* a day, and oat straw well threshed with a machine, once a day. This has been their entire feed save for ten days, when they had low land prairie hay instead of straw. They have had no grain, and are all alive and in good condition. I think they will shear at the usual time of shearing, from five to six pounds per head, of washed wool. Many think it too rich and oily for breeding ewes. I have seen no evil effects from it, but have fed them but once a day.—W. Marks in *Country Gentleman.*

The Coming Wheat Crop of the West.

We have been at some pains to inform ourselves of the facts in relation to the area of ground devoted this year to spring wheat and oats; and the word comes to us from all quarters of the Northwest that the long continued favorable weather, in which farmers have had no interruption of the labors common to the season, has insured the sowing of an area greatly in excess of that put into small grain a year ago. The scarcity and high price of labor have been a drawback; but since the great advance in the remainder of last year's crop, both of wheat and corn, has replenished the agricultural exchequer, they are not so grievously felt as we feared. Should the season for growth and harvest compare favorably with seed time, the country may look for a yield that is without example.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Art of Cultivating Fruit Trees.

The absolute necessity of proper preparation and deep and thorough cultivation of the soil, especially for certain fruits, is now generally admitted, though regard must always be had to the natural activity in the sap of the species, and to the fertility of the soil. Surely it would be unwise to apply the same cultivation to the peach and the cherry as to the apple and the pear, or to treat any of these on new and fertile grounds as in old and exhausted lands. The influence of soils is remarkable. But by these we do not mean the identical spot, the artificial bed in which the tree stands; for, in time, the roots take a wide range in search of food. Some fruits are good in nearly all places; others, only in their original locality; some succeed best on light, loamy, or sandy soils; others, in stiff, clayey soils. In the latter, many pears—for instance, the Beurre-bose and Napoleon—are astringent; while in the former they are entirely free from this quality. The Beurre-rance, in England and in some parts of France, is the best late pear. So it is also in some parts of the soil in Belgium; while with others, and with us, it is generally inferior. The flavor of fruit is much influenced not only by soil, but also by climate and meteorological agents. Thus, in a cold, wet, and undrained soil, disease commences in the root, and, as a natural consequence, the juices of the tree are imperfectly elaborated, and unable to supply the exigency of the fruit. Even injurious substances are taken up. A plum tree has been known to absorb oxide of iron, so as not only to color the foliage, but also to exude and form incrustations on the bark, and finally to kill the tree. As an instance of climatic agency, it is sufficient to report the fact, that out of fifty varieties of American peaches grown in the gardens at Chiswick, England, only two were adapted to the climate.

In relation to appropriate fertilizers for fruit trees, a diversity of opinion prevails. All agree that certain substances exist in plants and trees, and that there must be contained in the soil to produce growth, elaboration and perfection. To supply these, some advocate the use of what are termed special manures; others ridicule the idea. We submit whether this is not a difference in language rather than in principle; for by special fertilizers, the first mean simply those which correspond with the constituents of the crop. But are not the second careful to select and apply manures which contain those elements? And do they not, in practice, affix the seal of their approbation to the theory which they oppose? Explode this doctrine, and do you not destroy the principle of manuring and the necessity of a rotation of crops? Trees exhaust the soil of certain ingredients, and, like animals, must have their appropriate food. All know how difficult it is to make a fruit tree flourish on the spot from which an old tree of the same species has been removed.

The great practical question now agitating the community is: How shall we ascertain what fertilizing elements are appropriate to a particular species of vegetation? To this, two replies are rendered: some say, analyze the crop; others, the soil. Each, we think, maintains a truth, and, both together, nearly the whole truth. We need the analysis of the crop to teach us its ingredients, and that of the soil to ascertain whether it contains these ingredients, and, if it does not, what fertilizers must be applied to supply them. Thus, by analysis, we learn that nearly one-quarter part of the constituents of the pear, the grape, and the strawberry consists of potash. This abounds in new soils, and peculiarly adapts them to the production of these fruits; but having been extracted from soils long under cultivation, it is supplied by wood-ashes or potash, the value of which has of late greatly increased in the estimation of cultivators.—*Hon. W. P. Wilder.*

Apples for Stock.

When apples are abundant and cheap, farmers cannot turn them to a more profitable account than to feed them to their stock. Animals of all kinds like them, and will thrive well on them, and they will be found an excellent substitute for grain.

When horses are not laboring (and there will be a great many days when they will stand all day in the stable) a feeding of apples will do them as much good as a feeding of grain. And more than this, they will promote the health of those animals that eat them.

Milk cows are very fond of them, and they not only promote their health, but they will increase the flow of milk, and save fodder and grain also.

Apples are most excellent for calves, colts, lambs and sheep. But in order to derive the greatest benefit from them they must be fed in connection with other food.

If, for example, they be fed occasionally to horses that are accustomed to eat dry oats, a peck of apples may be substituted for four quarts of oats, and promote the thrift of the animal that eats them quite as much as four quarts of oats would.

But I do not wish to be understood as advocating that there is really as much nutriment in a peck of apples as there is in four quarts of oats; but I do mean that the good effect resulting from a change of food by feeding a horse occasionally a peck of apples instead of four quarts of oats, would be of more value than if the apples were not fed at all, but the horse was kept exclusively on oats.

By feeding apples judiciously, farmers may realize a greater cash value for them than they often do by disposing of them by the barrel or by the bushel at their markets.

If apples were worth thirty or forty cents per bushel, and oats worth forty or fifty cents per bushel, then if a peck of good apples may be fed in place of four quarts of oats, it will be perceived that apples are really worth forty to fifty cents per bushel to feed to stock. But it would be very unwise to attempt to substitute apples for oats, when horses are required to perform much labor; because there is not substance enough in them to give a horse strength. But by feeding them when he is standing idle they will supply the waste of the body for a portion of a day as well as a feeding of oats.

The theory will hold equally good in feeding store swine. If they be supplied with a part of a feeding of apples instead of corn in the morning, corn at noon, and corn at night, a bushel of apples will do them as much good as they will derive from a bushel of Indian corn.

If farmers would exercise more economy in mingling various kinds of food for their domestic animals, they might realize much more for their apples, and grain also, than they usually do.—S. E. Todd, *in Country Gentleman.*

Lice on Calves.

Nature is the best teacher. When cattle are pastured they will paw dirt upon their backs and rub their heads and necks against banks of earth, for the purpose of destroying lice. Moved by this suggestion recently, after having bought a new milch cow which was lousy, I dried some dirt under the stove, pulverized, and rubbed on the head, neck and such parts as were most affected by the lice, which subdued them.

Two or three applications should be made, and again repeated after the nits or eggs are hatched, as the dirt does not destroy the eggs or nits.

Try it if your calves or cattle are lousy. It costs nothing, and has no injurious effects like poisonous applications which are most in use.

Green Clover and Peas as Fertilizers.

Peas and clover, by means of their strong and long roots, bring from the subsoil, below the reach of the plow, those elements wanted in vegetation, retaining them in the leaves and stems, to be given out when plowed under in a green state for manure. The strong roots remaining in the ground also decay, leaving the soil loose and more easily and rapidly acted upon by heat and air.

A Few Hints for the Season.

Thus far the season has been cold and wet, and vegetation comes forward slowly. But the weather has been highly favorable for grass, and we have rarely seen the prospect of abundant hay crops more promising on the tenth of May than at the present time. The winter grains, too, are looking unusually well; and although there was but little snow upon the ground in this State during last winter, we hear no complaints of "winter kill" among our neighbors. The present is a stirring time with farmers, and the scarcity of labor and high price of help will demand the shrewdest management on the part of those who are short handed, in order to accomplish the work of the farm. We trust that no temptation of high prices to be realized in the future, will tempt any of our farmers to put more land under the plow the present season than can be well taken care of. Nothing tends so much to impoverish the soil as that slovenly neglected culture, in which, for want of help and time, after a long struggle between the weeds and the farmer, the weeds get the upper hand.

Except for the hardiest crops, which requires the full length of the season for their growth, such as onions, beets, parsnips and the like, nothing is gained by planting very early. It is folly to put seeds into the ground when it is as cold as a clam bank, for if they do not rot in the ground the germs receive a chill which stunts their growth, and from which the plants never fully recover.

Plowing upon heavy lands should be abstained from until the earth is warm and light. Soils plowed when saturated with moisture can at no time during the season be rendered so light and friable, as they should be, by any amount of after culture with hoes or harrows.

The market reports and the general state of the country will readily suggest to the farmer the amount and variety of his crops for the coming year. But as his calculations will be governed more than usual by the scarcity of farm hands, it will be well for every one to consider how he can produce the greatest amount in value with the least outlay of manual labor.

While the staple products of New England farms command the prices which they now do, and seem likely to continue, we would not recommend any very extensive experiments with new and untried products. If we can raise good crops of hay and corn, which find a ready market, we may well afford to let the Western farmers have a monopoly of the flax culture—at least until the war is over.—*Plowman.*

Millet.

There are probably but few of the cultivated grains that possess higher claims upon the attention of farmers engaged in stock raising, than millet. It would be extremely difficult, indeed, to assign a satisfactory reason for the general neglect it has experienced at the hands of our agriculturists, and equally difficult is it for us to conceive why, when all our other available resources are tasked to the uttermost, so little should be said in its favor, and no more vigorous efforts put forth to secure its more general introduction. Light sandy soil, in which there is a mixture of clayey matter, and which has been well manured under previous cropping, will almost invariably produce good millet. The proper time for sowing the seed, is about the time Indian corn receives the first hoeing; or, if the season be forward, a little before that period. The soil should be carefully prepared by thorough plowing and harrowing, and if very light, by the application of the roller. It should then receive the seed from a common seed-sower, which furrows, drops the seed, covers and rolls the soil all at one operation. The rows may be graduated as to distance by the character and condition of the soil; if very fertile, they may be fifteen inches apart; if not so rich, twenty or twenty-four inches should be allowed between the rows. Broadcasting is a practice, which, though not destitute of its peculiar merits, has, nevertheless gone mostly into disuse of late. It requires a much larger quantity of seed, does not insure the same uniformity of appearance and produce, and acts much less favorably upon the character of the soil.—Oxheart in *Germantown Telegraph.*

Rain Water Cisterns.

As the season is now approaching when those heretofore without cisterns may be contemplating the construction of these very valuable reservoirs of soft water, we would advise them to consider whether it is not better to make their cisterns *above ground.* It can be done in this way:—Make a heavy trestle work to support a stout frame of the dimensions desired, say sufficient to contain two thousand gallons, board this up tightly, line with sheet lead in the best manner—the top or roof covered with tin, leaving an opening or hatchway in top to admit a man to change it once a year. The outside of the trestle work can be boarded up with planed boards and painted. The cisterns can be made in any shape desired. If well constructed it will never leak.—We have one built in 1847, which has not thus far cost us a dollar for repairs. If sufficiently elevated, portions of the house can be supplied with water by pipes. At any rate we have to turn only a cock to get the water, instead of pumping it up with much labor from a cistern under ground.

The first cost of this kind of cistern may be greater than those dug in the ground, but it will be seen they are handier and better, and with a little care in winter there is no danger of freezing.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Receipt for Horn Distemper.

Take of spice, pepper, ginger, salt, soot, white of hen dung, white pine turpentine (or if this is not handy, spirits of turpentine,) of each, one tablespoonful; mix with three eggs, and enough meal or flour to thicken; make into three balls, and give one every other morning. Once making is generally enough to cure the worst cases of this disease.

We have tried the above and seen it tried in several cases of horn distemper, where the animal could not get up without help; and it worked like a charm. We send it to you therefore to give to the thousands of readers of your valuable paper, hoping it may be of benefit to some one. —*N. Y. Argus.*

A Farmer Happier than a President.

No doubt many of our young readers suppose a Governor must be a happy man, and a President one of the happiest, if not the most so, of any man living. Here is the opinion of one who had filled both positions, expressed in his last will and testament, where men are supposed to speak their honest convictions: "I Martin Van Buren, of the town of Kinderhook, heretofore Governor of this State, and more recently President of the United States, but for the last and happiest years of my life *a farmer in my native town*, do make and declare the following to be my last will and testament," &c. So thought Washington, Jefferson, Harrison, and multitudes of other great men, who could judge from actual experience as farmers.

The Best Apples.

At a late meeting of the Worcester Horticultural Society, of Massachusetts, the subject discussed was the best kind of apples for general cultivation, and after much and valuable discussion, the members agreed upon the following twelve kinds: Mother, Hubbardston Nonsuch, Rhode Island Greening, Baldwin, Roxbury Russet, Tolman's Sweeting, Red Astrachan, Duchess of Oldenburg, William's Early, Early Bough, Porter and Gravenstein.

☞ When ivory-handled knives turn yellow, rub them with nice sandpaper or emery; it will take off spots and restore whiteness.

Hints for the Household.

Home Improvements.

May we presume to say a word to farmers in behalf of their wives. We heard a lady, recently, express very serious disgust with farm-life, on account of the incessant demands of the farm work proper for all the labor to be had, and the impossibility of making and keeping up, for want of help, such improvements as the lady of the establishment should have charge of, and would be interested in. Another lady from town, whose ideas of country comfort embraced ample supplies of the best fresh vegetables, fruits, etc., expressed her surprise that on a recent visit to an acquaintance in the country, she found not a vegetable on the table but potatoes.

If we suppose that these were singular instances, they would not of course command our attention in the columns of the *Farmer*, but we know that they are far too common. We know that country people who have within their reach innocent pleasures and comforts without number, overlook and disregard them. And we believe that a great deal of the restlessness and desire of change, and dissatisfaction which characterises our country people is due to this neglect, and to untasteful, cheerless, comfortless homes. The subject, then, is worthy of comment. Our good offices are due not to the farm only and its money getting, but to those who live on and by the farm, that good living may grow out of good farming.

We say "good living," and we mean that, not in a material sense only. We would have indeed more than potatoes on our list of vegetables. We would have many fruits, and good domestic wines, and the best milk and butter, and fat poultry and good beef and mutton and ham. We think it is the duty of every man who lives in the country to have and enjoy all such "creature comforts" as he can readily command. They are God's good gifts to him, and they offer a telling argument to men of good taste and good appetite in favor of country-life.

But there are refined enjoyments and pleasures peculiar to a country home, which rise far above these things—the pure unmixed enjoyment which springs from daily loving intercourse with the beauties of nature. A man may dispense with these, but a woman never. His business is abroad, and he may find recreation in his rides to the post office, or with his fishing rod or his gun. The wife has no such resources. The home is her life scene. Her place is of necessity with her children and her household. But she needs occupation outside of the drudgery of housework and dinner-cooking, and amusement less expensive, more various and healthful than piano-playing. She needs in fact just the recreation and exercise which the lawn and shrubbery and flower garden offer. In the gratification of a refined and elegant taste, her health and strength are preserved; she fastens the affections of her children on the scenes of their childhood, and by the ever growing beauties which adorn her home, helps the argument in favor of country-life, by developing its resources as well for refined enjoyments as for solid comfort.

But a woman can not do these things herself; she must have help, and regular, systematic help. She may direct all, and she may do much, but she can not do all. And here lies the practical difficulty. We do not advocate expensive improvements, which are within the reach of few, nor even contemplate the employment of professional aid. A few days' labor of the farm force at the more leisure seasons of the year, in the preparation of the ground, and a few hours every day through the year, will accomplish probably all that may be required, and much more than a gardener whose time is all given to the purpose, and half of it wasted or improperly directed. The daily care should be that of the mistress, with help from her sons and her daughters, and cheerful, willing aid once a week under her direction, from all or any of the farm hands that she may require. The diligent farmer, intent on the main chance, would grumble a little at such an arrangement in the beginning, but he would find it in the end a cheap purchase of an amount of pleasure and profit which can hardly be estimated. The plan of operation is applicable to all cases—the poor man as well as the large farmer. Every home should have its proper appendage of flower borders, shrubbery and lawn, on however small a scale. A little kindly thought and consideration for the gratification of the wife, and an occasional strong hand to help her, will accomplish all that need be done. Let the men think of it.

Receipts.

Unfermented Bread. This keeps moist longer than bread made with yeast, and is more sweet and digestible. The brown bread made in this way is particularly recommended for dyspeptics. Take four pounds of flour, half an ounce of avoirdupois of muriatic acid; the same of carbonate of soda; about a quart of water. First mix the soda and flour well together by rubbing in a pan; pour the acid into the water, and stir it well together. Mix it well together to the required consistence and bake in a hot oven immediately. If instead of flour, unbolted meal should be used, take three pounds of meal; half an ounce avoirdupois of muriatic acid; the same of carbonate of soda; and water enough to make it of a proper consistency. Mix in the same way.

Glue for Ready Use. To any quantity of glue use common whiskey, instead of water. Put both together in a bottle, cork it tight, and set it away for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat. Glue thus prepared will keep for years, and is at all times fit for use, except in very cold weather, when it should be set in warm water before using. To obviate the difficulty of the stopper getting tight by the glue drying in the mouth of the vessel, use a tin vessel with the cover fitted tight on the outside, to prevent the escape of the spirit by evaporation. A strong solution of isinglass, made in the same manner, is an excellent cement for leather.

To Free Molasses from its Sharp Taste. Take twenty-four pounds of molasses, twenty-four of water, and six pounds of charcoal, coarsely pulverized: mix them in a kettle, and boil the whole over a slow wood fire. When the mixture has boiled half an hour, pour it into a flat vessel, in order that the charcoal may subside to the bottom; then pour off the liquid, and place it over the fire once more, that the superfluous water may evaporate, and the molasses be brought to their former consistency. Twenty-four pounds of molasses will produce twenty-four pounds of syrup.

Apple Molasses. Take new sweet cider just from the press, made from sweet apples, and boil it down as thick as West India molasses. It should be boiled in brass, and not burned, as that would injure the flavor. It will keep in the cellar, and is said to be as good, and for many purposes better than West India molasses.

Beans. The cheapest and most nut

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, May 21, 1863.

Terms of the Maine Farmer.

$2.25 per annum, or $2.00 if paid within three months of the date of Subscription.

☞ *These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.* ☜

All payments made by subscribers to the *Farmer* will be credited in accordance with our new mailing method. The printed date upon the paper, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

Notice.

Mr. H. P. Weeks will call upon subscribers in Waldo County.

Mr. Warren Fuller of Hartland, will call upon subscribers in Somerset County.

The Summer Campaigns.

Our spring time is nearly gone and summer commences soon, and with it, the summer campaigns. And what are they? Two, at least, present themselves to our mind. One of them—grim, savage and bloody, accompanied, indeed, with all the "pomp and circumstance of war," but nevertheless full of bitterness and strife. One side waging a relentless warfare, ostensibly, indeed, for their "independence," as they call it, but an independence of all just principles of equal rights—an independence of all sense of the true brotherhood of man, and one which will absolve them from the God given injunction, "do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," and allow them to hold in bondage both the bodies and souls of those whom they may deem their inferiors. The other side defending the government given them by their fathers, who established it on the broad basis of equal rights, granting to every human being an inalienable right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Of this campaign, although it absorbs the attention of the whole civilized world, and enlists the sympathies of every philanthropist on the side of human rights, we shall not at the present moment dwell. We will turn to those of a more beautiful character, campaigns that build up rather than destroy—that enrich rather than impoverish mankind.

First and foremost of these, are our *summer schools*. If our forefathers, the good old Pilgrims of yore, had done nothing else different from the institutions of the old world than to establish our common schools, they would have been richly entitled to the gratitude of mankind for all coming time. These schools constitute the corner stone of our civil and religious liberties. Though humble and unobstrusive in their character, and simple in their organization and operation, they nevertheless are productive of mighty results to the nation and to the world We have heretofore said, and we repeat, that it is to these little school houses, dotted all over the land, more than to any difference in race, or in blood, we must attribute the wide dissimilarity in feeling and character between the people of the North and the South. Had these humble institutions been scattered over the Southern States, instead of the slave pens, this iniquitous and accursed rebellion would never have been thought of. It is the summer campaign of these schools, the "summer schools," as they are called, that we would invite your special attention to. According to old usage and custom, in the country at least, they are made up of a different grade from the winter schools. The older and stronger portion of the juveniles are kept at home to work on the farms, or in the fisheries, or about some of the heavier kinds of labor, and the school house is given up to the younger classes. Appropriate to this class of pupils also, the burly schoolmaster is not employed, but in his stead, young ladies become the teachers. The "school marm" takes the task and the responsibility. On this account we have thought that there is oftentimes too much neglect on the part of parents and guardians toward the summer school. It is looked upon by many as a sort of children's asylum, a place where the *leetle* ones are sent to break them into the routine of sitting still on a bench, and learning their A B C's under the restraints of a teacher.

Such feelings should not be indulged. If possible, these schools should be nurtured and looked after with more care and attention than the winter schools. In these, is the first bending of the twig—the first starting in the race, and we are all willing to acknowledge how important it is that it should be done right. Hence, the parents should lend their constant and undeviating influence to have every thing go on calmly, quietly, but with an impartial and inflexible discipline, effecting the great object in view, viz., the training of both the brain and the heart in the rudiments of learning, virtue and religion. The sentiments of good will, and equal rights should, be early implanted both theoretically and practically. It is in these two particulars that our common schools differ in their training, and consequent results from what are called common schools in the old world. This difference has been the remark of travelers who have examined the two systems.

Anthony Trollope, in his book detailing facts and observations during his tour in this country, says:

"I do not know any contrast that would be more surprising to an Englishman, up to that moment ignorant of the matter, than that which he would find by visiting, first of all, a free school in London and then a free school in New York. The female pupil at a free school in London, as a rule, is either a ragged pauper or a charity girl; if not degraded, at least stigmatized by the badges and dress of the charity. We Englishmen know well the type of each, and have a fairly correct idea of the amount of education which is imparted to them. We see the result afterwards when the same girls become our servants and the wives of our grooms and porters. The female pupil at a free school in New York is neither a pauper nor a charity girl. She is dressed with the utmost decency. She is perfectly clean. In speaking to her you cannot in any degree guess whether her father has a dollar a day or three thousand dollars a year; nor will you be able to guess by the manner in which her associates treat her. As regards her own manner to you, it is always the same as though her father were, in all respects, your equal."

It is to this equal training of our children—all our children—those of rich as well as those of poorer parents in the same school—the placing them on an equal footing, feeding them with the same intellectual food, and giving the same equal helping hand in the acquisition of knowledge—thus easily implanting the feeling of "equal rights" that has made the free States what they are. Let this system be loved and cherished and perpetuated forever and ever. Look well to the summer campaign of the common schools.

"Wamsutta." Those interested in the improvement of our breeds of horses will not fail to notice the advertisement of Amos Rollins & Co., whose "Wamsutta"—a son of the celebrated old Black Hawk—will stand this season at Belgrade, Mercer and New Sharon, on days specified in the advertisement. He is seven years old, is a compact and symmetrical animal, and combines free and elegant motion, with a beauty of form and gentle disposition. His addition to the stock horses of this vicinity will be a means of much improvement in our breeds of this useful animal.

☞ The poetical epistle dedicated to Co. B, 21st Maine, which has been handed us for publication, does not come quite up to the standard of merit which we have marked out for the original poetry published in the *Farmer*, which compels us to decline it. We do this the more reluctantly as we have great respect for the source from which it comes.

The War News of the Week.

The telegraphic statements received last week just as our paper was going to press, that the rebel army was in full flight upon Richmond and Gordonsville, and that Gen. Hooker had re-crossed the Rappahannock in pursuit, prove to have been entirely unfounded in fact. No movement was made, nor so far as we can learn, is one immediately contemplated by Gen. Hooker. The army of the Potomac still occupy their old encampment at Falmouth, while the confederate forces continue to hold possession of the heights of Fredericksburg. The relative position of the two armies is the same as before the recent advance. In explanation of the statement by which the whole country was thus so egregiously deceived, it is said that Gen. Hooker issued orders for the second crossing of the river in accordance with a plan framed before he commenced his retreat, but that the plan was not approved by Gen. Halleck, and it was accordingly countermanded. In regard to the future movements of the army in Virginia, no developements have yet been made. In order to resume offensive operations, doubtless new dispositions will have to be made by the commanding general, requiring weeks, and possibly months for their perfection, while at the same time the army probably needs rest, re-organization and reinforcement. We are informed that the President expresses the fullest confidence in Gen. Hooker, while the enthusiasm with which he is greeted by the soldiers testify to his undiminished popularity with the army. The latest advices by telegraph state that every available soldier on detached service in and around Washington and Baltimore, and on the railroads in Maryland and Virginia, are to be sent to the army of the Potomac, their places in garrison and on guard being supplied by Pennsylvania militia which will be called out for the purpose. This looks as if another vigorous movement was on foot.

Our most stirring intelligence comes to us from the Southwest. Gen. Grant is slowly completing the investment of Vicksburg. A portion of his forces have advanced to Raymond, Miss., about sixteen miles southwest of Jackson, where a brisk engagement took place with the enemy, four thousand strong under Gen. Gregg, resulting in the defeat of the latter according to their own version of the affair.

Another brilliant federal cavalry raid is reported, rivalling, and in some respects surpassing in audacity and hardihood the recently famous exploits of Gen. Stoneman. Col. Grierson of the Illinois Cavalry, is the hero of this achievement, which will be found given in detail in our war record.

The news from Louisiana is of the most cheering character. We have the important announcement of the capture of Alexandria on the Red River by Admiral Porter and his fleet, and the occupation of the place by a portion of Gen. Banks' forces. Alexandria has been a vast depot of supplies for the rebel forces in the Southwest, drawn from Texas and Mexico, and thence conveyed down the Red River and distributed throughout the entire confederacy. Its capture will be one of the severest reverses of the war to the rebels.

With reference to a movement upon Charleston we have nothing of special importance. Richmond papers of the 12th inst., state that our troops are building formidable batteries on Folly Island bearing on Morris Island, and also fortifying Seabrook Island.

The Anglo-rebel steamer Cherokee with 450 bales of cotton, the cargo valued at $175,000, has been captured by the gunboat Canandiagua.

Stonewall Jackson, the most able executive General of the rebel army, died on the 10th inst. from wounds received in the battle of Chancellorsville.

P. S. Since the above was written we have the gratifying intelligence of the capture of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, on the 13th inst. by Gen. Grant, after a hard day's battle. The news comes from rebel sources and there can hardly be any doubt of its correctness. The Eastern Railway communications of Vicksburg are thus completely in our possession, and the rebel forces there having been already cut off from its main sources of supplies west of the Mississippi, will be obliged to come out of its entrenchments and give battle, or be starved into surrender. Gen. Grant is thus completely master of the situation.

Murder of the Warden of the State Prison. Richard Tinker, Esq., Warden of the Maine State Prison at Thomaston, was killed on the forenoon of Wednesday, 13th, by one of the convicts, Francis C. Spencer. The murderous work was done by thrusting a knife into the side of his neck, severing the jugular vein. Spencer is a native of Frankfort, now 35 years old. He was sentenced from Cumberland Co., in 1860, for a term of five years. Mr. Tinker, who has held the office of Warden about three years, was a gentleman highly respected for his manly integrity and amiable qualities, and his death will be deeply felt by the large circle in which he was so well known. Warren W. Rice, Esq., of Hampden, succeeds Mr. Tinker as Warden, having been appointed by Gov. Coburn last winter.

In addition to the above we learn that at the time of the murderous assault, Mr. Tinker was in the wheelwright's shop, engaged at the desk with the overseer of the room, when Spencer came up behind him and struck the fatal blow. On being struck Mr. Tinker said, "I believe he has killed me," and started toward the door. A prisoner offered him his support but he declined it, and walked down to the ground, and took three or four steps across the yard, when he fell and almost immediately expired. It is said that Spencer's real name is Couillard. He has been arrested and will probably have his trial at the term of the S. J. Court now in session at Rockland.

The French in Mexico. The condition of affairs in Mexico, up to the 27th ult., may be briefly summed up as follows: March 12th, the French arrived at Puebla with a force of 20,000 men, and on the 17th they made an attack on the Plazuela de San Javier, and after a severe bombardment, which lasted several days, they succeeded in breaching, entering and occupying two blocks or squares; but the Mexicans, after three days of hard fighting, destroyed these blocks and drove the French from the city. They made another attempt to capture the convents of San Augustine, Comer and Merced, on the 12th of April, but after continuous fighting for forty hours they were driven back, a large number of prisoners falling into the hands of the Mexicans, including one entire company of Zouaves. Up to April 21st, Forey acknowledged himself weakened of nearly one-third of the force that he had when he arrived before the city on the 12th March. He was very short of ammunition, and had sent to Cordova, Vera Cruz, and other places for reinforcements and supplies. The Mexicans seem to have fought splendidly and with desperate valor, and they have now taken the offensive, and intend to attack the French outside the city. The attack has probably been made long before this. All the houses in the city of Puebla, proved to be fortified castles, and the French are satisfied they cannot take it with their present force.

☞ We have in our possession a curiosity in the shape of a newspaper called the "*Weekly Junior Register*" published at Franklin, Louisiana, recently occupied by the Union forces. It is printed upon one side of common wall paper showing the straits to which the Confederacy is driven for the lack of material upon which to promulgate news. The editor facetiously observes in reference to the necessity for its use that he "has fairly been driven to the wall."

Meeting of the City Council.

Augusta, Monday May 4, 1863.

Present the mayor and a quorum in both branches.

Report of the City Marshal was accepted.

Reference to the Committee on Highways—Petition of B. H. Cushman for the Kennebec & Portland Railroad Co., for leave to construct a platform over a portion of Commercial St.; of Melissa Potter and twenty-five other ladies for side walk on School St.; of Harvey Chisam and others to prohibit the use of the side walk on Bangor St. as a highway for carriages.

Petition of Jos. H. Williams and one hundred and eighty-seven others to widen Water St. opposite the store of John McArthur and the meat shop of John G. Adams, was referred to a joint select committee. Reports accepted—of Committee on Highways, that they had purchased for the use of the city one horse and harness for $116,00, was accepted: of the Committee on Finance the amount necessary to be raised by taxes; viz:

State tax,	$7392 80	
County tax,	3871 21	
		11,264 01
Repairs of highway,	4500 00	
Snow bill,	1000 00	
Support of poor,	3500 00	
Schools,	5250 00	
City Officers,	2000 00	
Fire Department,	800 00	
Police,	500 00	
Printing,	125 00	
River notes and int. on river notes,	590 00	
Interest on loans,	2075 00	
Abatements,	900 00	
Contingent,	400 00	
Discount on taxes,	2500 00	
Debts becoming due in 1860,	2500 00	
		26,640 00
		$37,904 01

Orders passed:—referring the petition of John Shaw claiming damages for alleged injuries to his horse and carriage on Water St. to a joint select committee; directing the Street Engineer to perambulate the South line of Winthrop St. and ascertain whether any encroachments have been or are being made upon it; allowing E. B. Thorn to erect a post to protect the sidewalk near his store; authorizing the Treasurer to hire $3000 to supply the present demand upon the Treasury; directing the Treasurer to procure a loan of 25,000 and issue bonds therefor in sums not less than $100 with coupons attached for the payment of the interest; directing the City Marshal to impound all cattle and horses running at large; ordering the northerly part of Water St. and Mt. Vernon Avenue to be cleared of lumber; directing the Street Commissioner to repair the Aqueduct near the railroad bridge; allowing Col. Ricker to use 40 feet of Market square while erecting his stable; directing the Committee on Bells and Clocks to contract with a suitable person to ring the bell and take care of the city clock; authorizing the Treasurer to pay roll of accounts No. 3, amounting to $14,06; directing the Committee on New Streets, to lay out a street from the North end of Willow St. to the east end of the Kennebec Dam.

Funeral of Gen. Berry. The funeral obsequies of the gallant General Berry took place at Rockland on Thursday last, in the midst of an immense concourse of people, and were of the most solemn and impressive character. The buildings were draped in mourning, and flags were displayed at half mast and were also draped in mourning, and thousands of people thronged the streets during the ceremonies to pay their tribute of respect to a departed friend, patriot and neighbor. Maj. Gen. W. H. Titcomb and his staff acted as marshals, the General having charge of the military portion of the ceremonies. Processions of Military and Masons marched to his late residence, when a portion of scripture was read by Rev. Mr. Hart, prayer and sermon by Rev. Mr. Butler of Auburn, and benediction by Rev. Mr. Kallock. M. W. Hiram Chase of Belfast conducting the services at the cemetary under direction of King Solomon's R. A. C., and Aurora Lodge—to which Gen. Berry formerly belonged. Masons were present from Thomaston, Portland, Bangor, Bath, Belfast and other places. Guns were fired at intervals of half an hour during the day, and a volley fired over his grave by the military portion of the procession, consisting of Co. A, State Guards, and a Guard of Honor detached from the 7th Maine Vols. Among those present to do honor to his memory and bear testimony to his distinguished military services, were Vice President Hamlin, Governor Coburn and staff, Ex-Governor Washburn, Adjutant General Hodsdon, Senator Morrill, Hon. S. C. Fessenden, Judge Rice, and many other distinguished gentlemen. Gen. Berry was but a little over thirty-eight years of age—being one of the youngest as well as bravest of our generals—and leaves a wife and one daughter.

☞ In our notice last week of the recent burglarious attempts upon the Freemans Bank and Post-office, it was far from our intention to reflect upon the watchfulness of the night police. So far as we are aware, there is no reason for complaint in this respect. The person employed to perform this service is believed to be a faithful and efficient officer, prompt to suppress nocturnal disturbances and watchful to discover and thwart any roguery which might be on foot under cover of the darkness. It is a fact much to be regretted, however, that our city authorities are not alive to the importance of employing a larger and more efficient force for this purpose. The appropriation made for our entire municipal police, is only five hundred dollars per year, including the salary of the City Marshal. This beggarly sum permits the employment of but one person as a night patrol, and however vigilant the officer may be in the performance of his duty, it is manifestly the easiest thing in the world for an accomplished rogue, who rarely operates without accomplices, to carry on his nefarious work with very little risk of discovery. In the cases referred to, however, we have no doubt that the designs of the rogues were defeated by the vigilance of the watchman. We trust that measures will at once be taken by the City Government for the employment of a larger police force to protect our citizens from the depredations of the *cheveliers l'industrie*, so many of whom are known to be now at large and engaged in the successful prosecution of their profession in all parts of the State.

Aid for the Soldiers. Since the last battle of the Army of the Potomac, the ladies of this city have redoubled their labors in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers. On the 14th inst., 2 boxes of hospital supplies and 1 barrel of dried apples were forwarded to the Sanitary Commission, Boston. The contents of the boxes are as follows: 55 towels, 20 pairs drawers, 29 shirts, 46 prs. hose, 10 prs. slippers, 8 sheets, 16 pillow cases, 4 dressing gowns, 8 quilts, 12 handkerchiefs, 32 magazines, 5 pounds coffee, 2 pounds tea, 5 pounds maizena, 3 pounds castile soap, 26 bars soap, 12 bottles wine, 3 of shrub, 1 jar of pickles, 1 jar jelly, 1 jar preserves, 400 crackers.

Granite Bank. Benj. H. Cushman has been elected a Director in Granite Bank to supply a vacancy in the Board.

The stockholders, at their meeting, discussed the question of surrendering the charter of the Bank, in view of the depressed condition of business and the taxation recently imposed by the State and U. S. government; but after full consideration it was determined, by a very large majority, to continue the organization.

☞ On Tuesday of last week, Mr. Chas. Webber, while at work upon the steam-mill on the east side of the river fell through a scuttle, a distance of about 25 feet, striking on his head, and was severely if not fatally injured. He was removed to his home in Vassalboro' on Thursday last.

P. S. We learn that Mr. Webber died of his injuries on Saturday last.

The Death of Gen. Berry. The following account of the circumstances attending the death of the lamented Maj. Gen. Berry, as detailed by Capt. Greenhalgh a member of his staff, we copy from the Rockland *Free Press*:

"When the late movement of General Hooker commenced, Gen. Berry was ordered with his Division down the river, as a feint to cover the real move intended upon the right. As soon however, as Gen. Hooker had got well across the river above Fredericksburg, General Berry was ordered to rejoin his corps near Chancellorsville, which he did with his usual promptness. On Sunday morning, the 3d of May, while posted to the right of Chancellorsville, Gen. Howard rode up and said: 'Gen. Berry, I am ruined!' referring, probably, to the disaster which had overtaken the Eleventh Corps, of which he had command. Gen. Berry replied: 'Oh, no General, you are not; I have a Division that never was driven an inch, and I will put them immediately into the breach and regain what you have lost.' Upon this he put himself at the head of his brave men, and with an irrisistible charge they drove back the rebels, and retook the ground which the latter had won. Here the battle ceased a few minutes. Turning to Capt. Greenhalgh, one of his aids, Gen. Berry directed him to ride to General Hooker's headquarters and inquire for orders as to whether he should hold his position or not. Captain Greenhalgh at once started, and General Berry and the remainder of his staff dismounted; Gen. Berry saying that he would walk across the plank road (only a few rods) and communicate with Gen. Mott, the senior officer of his Division. One of his aids remonstrated against his going, and offered to go in his stead, but the General replied that he would himself go. He started, went across the road, saw Gen. Mott, gave him his orders, turned, was coming back, and when but a short distance from where the members of his staff stood, a rifle minnie ball struck him in the arm close to the shoulder, passed downwards through his vitals lodged in his hip, and killed him almost immediately. His aids saw him fall, and instantly started for him. Lieut. Freeman knelt by his side; 'I am dying,' said the General, 'carry me to the rear.' The Lieutenant asked him if he had any wish to express; by a feeble shake of his head he indicated that he had none, and the next moment his spirit had gone forever. Thus died General Berry, in the prime of life, in the midst of a proud career of glory and usefulness, and, like Wolfe and Warren, in the battle field. When Capt. Greenhalgh, our informant, returned from headquarters, having been absent not more than seven minutes, he found his friend's eyes closed in death, and the crimson tide told how it happened. The body was at once raised and carried to the Chancellor House, where Gen. Hooker stood. When it was laid before him, he burst into tears, and kneeling down kissed the cold forehead, and then exclaimed, 'My God, Berry, why was this to happen! Why was the man on whom I relied so much to be taken away in this manner!'

After Gen. Hooker had paid his tribute to the lifeless form of Gen. Berry, he ordered it to be carried to the rear at once. His friend and Aid, Capt. J. B. Greenhalgh, immediately had it placed on stretchers, and conveyed to the old camp at Falmouth. There it rested Sunday night, in the same room which the General had occupied previous to the late move of the army. While on the way, a squad of the Maine 4th regiment learning that the body of their former commander was being carried by, desired to have it laid down, and each one of the brave fellows came forward, kissed the cold brow of the man they loved and had first followed into the battle field, and then silently and tearfully took their places in the ranks."

The Gallantry of the Maine 6th. The following brief but grand testimonial to the gallantry of the 6th Maine regiment in the recent battle at Fredericksburg, is extracted from a letter from Capt. Buck of that regiment, published in the Eastport *Sentinel*:

"We had our work all laid out and knew just what we had to do. We all expected a hard time, for we could see what the work was before us, but not one man flinched. We were all ready to follow our leaders. We made preparations before we started, left our money and other valuables in the hands of the Quartermaster, on this side of the river. Major Haycock had the respect, and his friends have the heartfelt sympathy of every officer and soldier in the regiment. He was liked by every one, officers and men, with whom his duties brought him in contact, and was known as a brave and gallant fellow. We were marching up the hill and when within one-fourth of a mile of the earthworks the Major passed down the lines of the first battalion and ordered the men to keep well closed on the centre files. Just then I fell wounded, and while they were picking me up, I heard the cry, "our Major is dead." He was struck by a rifle ball and killed instantly.

It was a grand sight to see the rest of the regiment, (many fell dead and wounded at this time) rush on amid the showers of shot and shell and plant the flag of the Old Pine Tree State on the earthworks."

☞ Mr. Willard Jones, formerly a resident of the town of Washington, was killed at the siege of Vicksburg on the 29th of last December. At the time the rebellion broke out he was at Amboy, Ill., in the employ of the Illinois Central R. R., and with others who enlisted from that town went into the 13th Regiment Illinois Volunteers, and served with faithfulness and honor until his death, which occurred while making a charge upon a rebel battery. The letters from officers of his company to his relatives, speak in high terms of his conduct as a soldier, and his worth as a man.

☞ A Union State Convention is called to be holden in Bangor on Wednesday the first day of July next. The call embraces all citizens without distinction of party, "who are unconditionally loyal to the Government of the United States, and who unconditionally support all its measures for the suppression of the rebellion, and who are resolved to spare no endeavor to maintain our National Union, both in principal and territorial boundary." No Republican State Convention is to be held.

Death from Intoxication. Mr. Eben Garland of Waterville, died suddenly in the streets of that village on Tuesday morning of last week. He had been intoxicated in the streets for several days and was put in the lockup the night previous. Immediately after coming out in the morning he died. Were it not for the fact that the town tolerated an almost endless number of grog shops, it would be the loveliest village in Maine.

Clay in the Hands of the Potter. The Gardiner *Journal* learn that Hon. Robert Thompson is about commencing in Farmingdale, the manufacture of pottery ware of a kind different from anything made in this country. He has purchased the estate in that town known as the "Clay" property, for the purpose of carrying on the business.

☞ The one hundreth anniversary of the settlement of Machias is to be celebrated in that town June 18th, on which occasion W. B. Smith, Esq., of Calis will read an historical sketch of the town, and Profs. Hitchcock, Harris, Hon. Geo. S. Hilliard of Boston, and other distinguished gentlemen—natives of the place—will take part in the exercises.

☞ Last week the weather was cold, and rain fell for several days in succession. Friday morning a small quantity of snow fell—the last of the season, we hope—but on Saturday the sun again visited us, and the grass and trees looked all the more beautiful for their cold bath. Farmers will now commence field operations in earnest.

☞ A new woolen mill is to be erected on the Sebasticook river in Benton the present season. It is to be built by a company from Dexter, and will be in operation by September. The town exempts the property from taxation for a term of ten years.

☞ At the late session of the Supreme Court in Franklin County a bill was found against Doyle for the murder of the Libby girl in Strong. He is to be tried at the October term.

Five-Twenty Bonds. The best investment in Government loans is in these bonds. They can be had at Granite Bank, Augusta. See advertisement.

The Achievements of the 1st Maine Cavalry. The 1st Maine Cavalry did their full share of dangerous work in the Stoneman's recent memorable raid within the enemy's lines in Virginia. A letter from Capt. G. W. Brown published in the Bangor *Whig* says:

"We were gone just ten days. Took three days' rations and forage when we started. Have subsisted on the enemy the rest of the time. Found plenty of grain for the horses, but not always enough to eat for ourselves. I have been *hungry* once or twice, and eaten food that would have been swill at home. Yesterday I saw some of my men scrape some dough from the inside of a wet flour barrel, bake and eat it. We have had no bread, till to-day for a week, with the exception of an occasional hoe-cake. In five days I got eight hours' sleep, no more, except on horseback. In the night men would get asleep, their horses go out of column into the woods and byroads, and they not know it till morning—or they were knocked off their horses by branches. A few were lost in that way, and could not find us when they awoke. You could ride along the column, and find half the men and officers asleep.

Captain Tucker was out with a party one day while we were away, and met a much larger force, had two men killed, one wounded, and twenty-eight taken prisoners. Lieut. Andrews of Co. I, was taken with them.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* who accompanied Col. Gregg's division of cavalry, reports as follows of operations near Gordonsville:

"Col. Gregg had information that a body of rebels were approaching, and drew up three regiments near the town to wait for them.

He waited here till the time had expired when the enemy should have made his appearance, and hearing nothing of him resumed his march, leaving a portion of comanies B and I of the First Maine regiment, in all about fifty men, five miles from the Court House on the Gordonsville road, to watch the movements of the enemy.

Soon after our departure a regiment of the enemy appeared in sight, when the Maine boys gallantly charged them, driving them back some distance; but losing in the charge one man killed, one wounded and twenty-eight taken prisoners. William H. Perkins, of Co. I, was killed, and Melville Cook, of Co. B, wounded slightly in the foot. The balance of the boys reached their regiment in safety without being pursued by the enemy."

Colonel Kilpatrick in his official report of his cavalry raid, in which his command went within two miles of Richmond, and captured a number of rebels within the line of fortifications, especially compliments several of his officers, among others, "Lieut L. G. Estes, who volunteered to carry a despatch to Gen. Hooker; he failed in the attempt, but with his escort of ten men he captured and paroled one Major, two Captains, a Lieutenant and fifteen men, he was afterwards captured with his escort, and was afterwards recaptured by our forces." Lieut. Estes is a member of the 1st Maine Cavalry, and went from Oldtown. He acted as aid to Col. Kilpatrick.

What the Rebels Expect. Whatever may have been the precise results, in a military point of view, of the recent events upon the Rappahannock, it seems to be very clear that the rebel press does not derive any great satisfaction from the present aspect of affairs. The Richmond *Enquirer* contains the following by no means cheerful view of their situation:

"Let us not begin again to say, surely this time they are beaten to their heart's content; the peace party will move, credit will burst, gold will rise, the sky will fall! The last grand move of 'On to Richmond' having failed so shamefully, like all the rest, they will weary of the hopeless task of trying to conquer the South, and peace will come and halcyon days!

On the contrary, it will be as well to make up our minds to the fact, that the campaign of '63 is to be more furious and sanguinary than that of '62, and if *that* fail, then the struggle of '64 will be most terrible of all, because it will be the last chance of Lincoln and his 'Republicans.' There can be neither policy, nor honesty, nor humanity, in helping to shut our people's eyes to this too palpable prospect. Our enemies, as has been abundantly demonstrated, though they cannot make war very well, cannot make peace at all. War is costly to them, but peace would be ruinous. And there is nothing to hinder them, having command of the river mouths, and a base on the Rappahannock, and another base at Suffolk, and the Peninsula open to them all round, from White House, on the one side to Drewry's Bluff on the other—nothing to hinder them from trying another 'On to Richmond' by another way, or by the same way, or by several ways at once, and trying it again and again. Again and again they will be beaten and disgraced; but they are used to that, and will fight on. It is not war that will burst their credit; it is peace. War is not depriving them of their trade with us; it is *peace* that would do that, and they have no apprehension of lack of soldiers; on the contrary, the native Yankees can now stay at home and trade and manufacture, and put into the field the best fighting material in Europe, by decoying into their service myriads of Germans, with the promise of farms, to be carved out of Southern plantations, and hosts of too credulous Irishmen, (alas! for them,) with the villainous assurance that the Southern 'rebellion' once crushed, they (the Yankees) will declare war against England and aid the Irish nation to achieve its independence."

☞ A correspondent of the Bangor *Whig* at Warrenton, Florida, gives an account of a plucky affair in which Lieut. Kelley of Co. I, 28th Maine, penetrated ten or twelve miles into the enemy's country on a scouting expedition, with only twenty men—encountered and drove in a line of rebel pickets and so frightened a rebel detachment of about 300 with the idea of a superior force, that they abandoned and set fire to their camp and a battery of three guns, spiking their pieces as they fled. The reconnoissance having been successful our party safely returned.

☞ Those of our readers in Somerset, Franklin and Androscoggin counties interested in musical instruments, are directed to the card of J. S. Bixby, Esq., in our present issue. Mr. Bixby has had many years experience in this business, furnishes instruments from the most celebrated makers in our country, and upon reasonable terms, and will be found a gentlemanly and reliable business man. Those wishing for such instruments would do well to correspond with him, or give him a call.

The Edinburgh Review. The April number opens with a severe but in many respects just criticism upon Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea;" but notwithstanding the fact that it gets some sharp thrusts, the reviewer freely acknowledges that it is a "brilliant book." "The Black Country" is an article giving a most interesting account of the Midland mining district of England, and the history and romance of the coal miners forms a curious chapter in the history of social life in Great Britain. The other articles which we have not read are, Worsleys Translation of the Odyssey; Tithe Impropriations; Simancas Records of the Reign of Henry VII.; India under Lord Canning; The Bible and the Church; Japan; Prof. Huxley on Man's Place in Nature; The Greek Revolution. The Edinburg, with the other British Reviws and Blackwood's Magazine are republished in New York by L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker St.

Blackwood's Magazine for April. Contents: Sensation Diplomacy in Japan; Mrs. Clifford' Marriage—Part II.; Sir James Graham; The Inexhaustible Capital; Caxtoniana—Part XV.; Spedding's Life of Bacon; The Yeang-tai Mountains, and Spirit Writings in China; Marriage Bells. Republished by L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker street, New York. Terms $3 per annum.

☞ Saxton's hand-book of Tobacco Culture, which has previously been noticed by us, is for sale in this State by R. M. Mansur, Mt. Vernon. We can recommend it as a thorough and reliable guide to the culture of *ye weed* in all its stages of growth. See advertisement of Mr. M.

☞ The Cumberland County Agricultural, and the Portland Horticultural Societies will hold a joint Fair and Cattle Show in Portland to commence October 14th. A liberal sum will be awarded in premiums.

Letter from the Army in Louisiana.

Opelousas, April 22, 1862.

Messrs. Editors:—I send you Dr. Abbott's report of the killed and wounded in the 26th at the battle of St. Mary's, April 14th, endorsed by Col. Hubbard as correct and full. [A full report of the casualties in the 26th has been already published in the *Farmer*.] No other regiment from our State suffered any loss. The 12th was under the Diana's fire five hours. Her shell fell in front, and behind, and all around them, but not a single man received the slightest injury. Our wonderful escape can be nothing less than Providential. The hand of God covered us.

The great loss of the 26th occurred in a bayonet charge. They were obliged to advance over an open field, upon an enemy concealed in a thick and heavy wood, and so protected that each rifleman could pick his man. They did their work bravely and may well be proud of their record. We have done stupendous marching and tough fighting, in the last twenty days, as you will learn by the "General Order," No. 28, which I enclose.

Every part of the "Order" is quite intelligible except that which says "In three months you have become soldiers." Some of the boys and men too, in this Department, do not see the point. We know what it is to blister our soles by a long march, and cure them again by a bigger dose each day of the same thing. We have learned how it feels to tramp from sunrise to sunset on an empty stomach, and after that lie down for soft repose upon cypress rails, or what is softer, the traveled road, and softer still the green sward, and softest of all a plowed field, in a night of thunder, lightning and rain. Still the army was never in higher spirits or in better health. Our hardships have been unavoidable, and the results of this brief but fruitful campaign are an ample satisfaction to every soldier's heart for its fatigues.

H. L. B.

Head Quarters Department of the Gulf, 19th Army Corps. Cotegele, near Vermilleonville, April 19th, 1863.

General Order No. 28.

The morning salute celebrates the anniversary of the Battles of Lexington and Concord in 1773, and the assault upon American troops at Baltimore in 1861.

The day is consecrated to Union and Liberty. Soldiers, you have exhibited your devotion to its hallowed memories and the principles it represents. In peace you contributed in every professional and industrial pursuit to the posperity and power which gave a world-wide renown to the American States.

In war you have learned to endure fatigue, suffered deprivations, conquered difficulties, and achieved victories—in three months you have become soldiers, you have defeated the enemy, dispersing his army and are destroying his navy—in thirty days you have marched three hundred miles, fought four engagements, expelled him from his fortifications, driven him at the point of the bayonet from Berwick's Bay to Opelousas—captured ten guns and two thousand prisoners, including some of his best officers of all arms, and made the reorganization of his forces for the present impossible by depriving him of all the material resources of war, destroying his founderies, and demolishing his salt works that for two years have sustained the life of the Confederacy.

The Navy of the Gulf shares in the honors of the campaign. It has encountered and dispersed the fleet of the enemy, and sunk the "Queen of the West." To-day it will reduce the fortifications at "Battea-la-Rose," and open the Atchafalaya to the Red River, and the Courtableau to Washington of Louisiana.

Let us be grateful to Him who giveth us victory, and true to the cause we defend. New glories are before us. The Army of the Gulf will command the attention of the people, and every eye be fastened upon its movements. Let us honor the flag we bear, and remember that to defy danger, is to drive it into the ranks of the enemy. (Signed)

By Command of Maj. Gen. Banks,
Richard B. Irvine, Asst. Adjt. General.

"Official"
Wm. W. Deane, Lieut. and A. A. A. General.

Additional List of Maine Killed and Wounded. Charles F. Sawyer, Adjt. of the 4th Maine, furnishes a correct list of casualties in that regiment, during the eight days' campaign of Gen. Hooker: yet surprising as it may seem, only two are reported killed. Those reported missing were lost in a night attack in a dense woods, May 2d, and nothing has since been heard from them.

2d Lieut Sheridan F Miller, Belfast, K, killed; 1st Lieut Chas H Conant, C, side; 3d Lieut Nathaniel H Robbins, Union, I, head; 2d Lieut Eben Harding, Rockland, B, foot; Sergeant Daniel Carley, Prospect, I, breast; Sergeant H G York, Dixmont, F, shoulder; Sergt J G Hilt, Lincolnville, F, leg; Sergt A Merrithew, Green Isle, I, face; Sergt Enoch Lurvey, Tremont, K, missing; Corporal S S Carleton, Winterport, I, knee, since died. Privates—Ellis Bigelow, Dedham, B, shoulder; H B Simmons, Rockland, foot; Andrew Grindell, Bluehill, H, leg; Ford Sawyer, Knox, H, foot; J H Emerson, Swanville, H, hand; Wm Knowles, Belfast, side; Chas A Phinney, Winterport, I leg; Orpheus Roberts, Stockton, I, leg; John Johnson, Munroe, G, arm amputated, and prisoner; Hosea Young, Warren, C, wounded and taken prisoner; F L Palmer, H, wounded in breast and prisoner; Leander Howard, Washington, G, head; Robt F Green, H, knee, severe; Wm Seavey, Wiscasset, G, missing; S B Sylvester, Lincolnville, A, missing; James F Simmons, Camden, D, missing; Breckenbridge Poland, Montville, F missing; H A Collagin, Washington, F, missing, supposed killed; Isaac Jordon, Monroe, F, missing; Isaac M Witham, Greenfield, F, missing; J H Bickford, Dixmont, D, missing.

7th Maine. The following list is additional to that published last week:

Killed. Lieut J G Butler, D Presque Isle; John L Blake, Marysville; A S Dunnifer, B; Thomas Sawtelle, B, probably killed; B B Mitchell, Oldtown, B, probably killed.

Wounded. Sergt B F Holden, C Bangor; Lieut A M Benson, K, Oldtown, foot; Lieut L C Small, B, Brunswick, shoulder; Corp Wm H Robbins, B; Calvin Boston, B, since died; Sergt N S Fales, B, Thomaston; Corp C E Withee, B Norridgewock; Peter Ames, B; Henry Knowlton, B; Solomon Holt, B; James Malcom, B, Houlton; Wm H Butterfield, B, wounded severely, prisoner; Corp C R Anderson, B; W Hastings, B; Henry L Hanson B; Thomas H Wilcox, B; John Malloon, B, Houlton; Ephraim Hanson, B, shoulder; Sergt J C McKenney, B; Harrison Westcott, B, Henry Bright, B, knee; S A McNeal, B; Richard Davis, B, left knee; A S Leeman, I; Robert Dingley, D, Hallowell, foot; Joseph Hennniford, D, Deer Isle, hip; Augustas Gates, C, mortally; George A Stetson, C, buckshot; A E True, C.

Missing. Franklin Kitridge, Norridgwock, B; Sergt H M Eaton, C; Corpls H H Cook and C S Wooster, C; N B Stinson and James Walker, C; Samuel Coombs, D; Corp A Crockett,

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Record of the War.

Hooker has not crossed the Rappahannock.

NEW YORK, May 12. The *Post's* Washington dispatch says Gen. Hooker's army has not yet crossed the river. His personal arrangements, however, indicate that he expects to be employed in some enterprise at once.

NEW YORK, May 14. The *Tribune* has direct advices from the Army of the Potomac to Tuesday. All reports of movements since Hooker crossed to the north side of the Rappahannock are unfounded. The army occupies its old camps. The troops are in good spirits, but there is some disappointment among the rank and file at the retreat, though no demoralization. Our losses exceed 17,000 men, while Lee is said to admit the loss of 18,000. Our army still outnumbers that of the rebels.

Discharged Soldiers Returning Home.

WASHINGTON, May 14. Gentlemen arriving from the Rappahannock last night, who are certainly in a position to speak advisedly, say there are no indications of a movement to the south side of that river by our army.

The rebel prisoners still remaining here in custody are under proper regulations, permitted to be supplied with whatever may contribute to their personal comfort.

Thousands of discharged volunteers, their term of service having expired, passed through Baltimore homeward-bound on Tuesday, and regiments yesterday and to-day returning from the army of the Potomac, paraded our streets. The men generally appeared to be in a healthy condition, and many of them, by their own statements, say their bodily condition has been strengthened by their two years of nine months' service. Their powers of physical endurance have been put to the test by carrying about fifty pounds, viz: muskets, rations, ammunition, blankets, &c., while on the march previous to the late battles.

Death of Stonewall Jackson---Gen. Lee's Official Orders.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, May 12. The Richmond papers of yesterday announce the death of Stonewall Jackson on Sunday afternoon from the effects of his recent amputation and pneumonia. His burial was fixed for to-day. The military band in Fredericksburg have been performing dirges a greater part of the afternoon. He was accidentally shot by his own men.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, May 11.

General Orders No 61. With deep grief the Commanding General announces to the army the death of Lieut. Gen. T. J. Jackson, who expired on the 10th inst. at 3.15 P. M.

The daring, skill and energy of this great and good soldier by the decree of an all wise Providence are now lost to us; but while we mourn his death we feel that his spirit still lives, and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God as our hope and strength.

Let his name be a watchword to his corps, which has followed him to victory in so many fields. Let the officers and soldiers imitate his invincible determination to do everything in the defense of our beloved country.

(Signed) R. E. LEE,
Major General Commanding.

Our Wounded left on the Field.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, May 12. Dr. Suckley, Medical Director in charge of our wounded on the field, reports that they are all comfortable. They number about 1200. An ambulance train has been sent for them and they are expected to return to camp to-night.

Gen. Grant within Eighteen Miles of Vicksburg---He is receiving Reinforcements.

CAIRO, May 14. Congressman Washburn left the extreme front on Friday. From him we learn that Gen. Grant,s advance was then within 15 miles of Edward's station, which is 18 miles east of Vicksburg. Two divisions of Sherman's corps had reached Grand Gulf. McArthur was crossing. The army was in excellent condition.

CAIRO, May 14. The very latest dates from Grant's army are to Thursday. At that time it was fifteen miles from Grand Gulf, encamped near Big Black river. We had not then possession of any part of the railroad between Vicksburg and Jackson.

Gen. Grant is receiving heavy reinforcements. A new overland road for troops and trains has been made from Young's Point to the river below. It is only eight miles long, and greatly expedites the forwarding of men and supplies.

Ten negro regiments have been formed. Gen. Thomas, who has arrived from Memphis, thinks ten more will be formed.

News from the Southwest via. Richmond.

FORTRESS MONROE, May 13. The British frigate Rinaldo arrived this afternoon, having left Charleston at 3 P. M. last Monday. By this steamer we have received a copy of the Charleston *Daily Courier* of the 11th, which contains an announcement of the death of Stonewall Jackson.

The *Courier* contains the following dispatches:

VICKSBURG, May 7. The enemy have made no movement this side of Big Black river, The enemy's cavalry is reported to be about Cayuga. A party of Yankee cavalry crossed at Hankerson's ferry on Tuesday night, and captured a Mr. Owen and his son, and recrossed the river again.

VICKSBURG, May 8. The enemy are using their spades on the other side of the Big Black river. The Yankees occupy Utica, Hines county, Miss.

VICKSBURG, May 9. Nothing new from the front. The enemy are landing troops at Young's Point. It is supposed they are destined to reinforce Grant. The *Whig* newspaper office was destroyed by fire this afternoon. Among the Yankees captured by Forrest are many citizens or natives of Southern States. We hope the Governors of the several States will promptly make a demand for the retention and trial of these traitors under the State laws. It will be more than idle mockery to turn them loose on exchange.

Four thousand prisoners arrived in Richmond on the 9th inst., from Fredericksburg.

The Charleston *Courier* claims a victory at Fredericksburg, and places the rebel loss at 10,000.

Recovery of the Bodies of our Slain---The Rebels still hold their Old Position.

WASHINGTON, May 12. Gentlemen have recently arrived here and proceeded to the Rappahannock to recover the bodies of their friends who fell in the recent battles. One of them, in a private note received in Washington to-day, says a communication has been transmitted to Gen. Lee, asking permission to pass inside of his lines for that purpose. Although on Sunday night no response had been received from Gen. Lee, it was understood from the officers receiving the communication at the river that there would be no unnecessary obstacle thrown in their way. Subsequently the enemy commenced sending over the river, under a flag of truce, considerable numbers of our wounded who have been paroled. For several days past supplies and medicines have been sent over from our side.

A report was current yesterday that the enemy had left their formidable position along the hights, but a close observation last evening disclosed the fact that their numbers there had not been diminished. They were still at that point yesterday morning.

Rebel Movements in Tennessee.

PAILADELPHIA, May 13. A special dispatch to the *Bulletin*, dated Cincinnatti 13th, says the rebel cavalry in front of Murfreesboro' are constantly changing their position. The rebel Generals Wheeler and Morgan with 5000 cavalry are at Liberty and Alexandria, meditating an attack on Nashville.

From General Grant's Army---Port Hudson Evacuated---The Rebels Despondent.

WASHINGTON, May 15. Advices from General Grant of the 8th have been received. He expresses satisfaction with the appearance of affairs in his vicinity, and states that Port Hudson is undoubtedly evacuated except by a small garrison and their heavy artillery.

CAIRO, Ill., May 14. Our troops all the way from Memphis to Young's Point are moving to reinforce Gen. Grant.

Gen. Grant will endeavor to cut the railroad between Vicksburg and Jackson, and a battle is expected in the vicinity of Black River bridge.

The Jackson (Miss.) *Appeal* says Gen. Bowen's loss at Bayou Pierre was about 1000. The rebel killed and wounded were left on the field. Gen. Tracy, Lieut. Col. Pettis and Major Tuckerman were killed, and Col. Garnet and Major Hurley were severly wounded.

The Vicksburg correspondent of the *Appeal* takes a gloomy view of matters. He says Gen. Grant's movements deceived both our people and the military here.

From Kentucky---Skirmishers on the Cumberland---Rebel Raid Defeated.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May, 15. Col. Jacobs, in the Sunday's fight with the rebels Clarke and Chenault, at Horseshoe Bottom Narrows, on the Cumberland, lost 42 men, including 3 officers. Capt. Chenault and several other rebel officers, and 98 of their men, were killed, and 3 taken prisoners.

Col. Graham, at Glasglow, killed several rebels and drove 200 of them to the south side of the Cumberland on Wednesday. There is no considerable force of rebels on the north side of that river.

Morgan's proposed raid into Kentucky has been defeated by the forces of Cols. Boyle and Holman, and the 20th Michigan regiment, under Col. Jacobs, at the Narrows.

From Charleston---Demonstrations Against the City.

FORTRESS MONROE, May 15th. Richmond papers of the 14th, contain a Charleston dispatch of the 12th, stating that the Federals are unusually active and have built formidable batteries on Folly Island, bearing on the southern extremity of Morris Island. Several Yankee regiments are fortifying Seabrook Island. Five iron-clads and a number of transports are at North Edisto.

Jeff. Davis Despondent.

NEW YORK, May 15th. Washington dispatches say: The President to-night received from the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac an original letter of Jeff. Davis addressed to one of his colonels, in which he speaks despondingly of affairs in the Southwest and on the Rappahannock. The letter was found in a rebel camp at Fredericksburg, and is dated May 2.

Gen. Lee's headquarters are in Fredericksburg, Gen. Barksdale of Mississippi is in command there.

Latest from the Rappahannock---General Hooker's Army being Strengthened.

WASHINGTON, 17th. The river front of the enemy has been reconnoitered, and the discovery made that during the night of the 14th the enemy threw up new and extensive earthworks along the ridge of hills in the rear and to the left of Fredericksburg.

It is reported to-day that every available soldier now on detached service in and around Washington and Baltimore, and on the railroads in Maryland and Virginia, will be forwarded to Hooker's command and their places supplied by Pennsylvania militia, which it is said has been tendered by Governor Curtin.

Continued Advance of Gen. Grant---Capture of Raymond, Miss.

FORTRESS MONROE, 16th. The Richmond *Inquirer* of yesterday says:

Fighting is going on in Mississippi. The enemy advanced upon Raymond yesterday, 1000 strong, where Gen. Gregg had 4100 infantry and a few cavalry.

Skirmishing commenced at 9 o'clock in the morning. The enemy was continually reinforced till 1 P. M., when we opened the battle heavily with musketry.

Knowing that the enemy was heavily reinforced and ready to engage us with their full force, we retired through Raymond, meeting reinforcements.

The firing to-day was heavy and continuous towards Jackson.

From New Orleans---Capture of Alexandria by our Fleet---Another Extraordinary Cavalry Raid.

NEW YORK, 17th. Steamer George Washington, from New Orleans 10th, arrived here at noon to-day.

Admiral Farragut arrived at New Orleans on the afternoon of the 6th, from Brashear City. The admiral and his officers left the flag-ship on Red River, and brings the important intelligence that Alexandria was captured on the 8th by Admiral Porter and his fleet.

Prior to the capture of Elexandria, Fort De Russey, on Red River, was demolished after a fight, and a rebel gunboat captured.

After the capture of Alexandria, on the morning of the 6th, by our gunboats, the advance cavalry of Brig. General Dwight dashed into the place, thus forming a junction of Farragut's and Banks' forces.

Opelousas dates of the 6th say that our army was then on the march. Gen. Dwight's brigade was supposed to be in Alexandria, and Gens. Emory, Weitzel and Grover, with their forces close behind.

A Baton Rouge letter of the 2d inst., says Col. Grierson's force, the 6th and 7th Illinois cavalry and a battery, numbering some 900 men, followed by several hundred negroes and a large number of prisoners, rode into that city on that day.

They left Lagrange April 16th, burned rebel stores and the railroad depot at Okolona, the depot and two heavy laden freight and commissary trains and an ordnance train at Newton on the Charleston and Vicksburg railroad. The ordnance train contained 30,000 loaded shells for the Vicksburg batteries, which exploded terrifically.

From Newton they followed the railroad to Meridian, burning two bridges—thence south on the Mobile & Ohio railroad to Enterprise, where they destroyed the rebel ordnance works.

They then went back to Newton, burning all the bridges from there to Jackson, including the great bridge over the Pearl river near Jackson, and tore up two miles of the track. Thence they followed the Jackson and New Orleans railroad south to Louisiana.

A rebel force of 5000 men at Clinton, was evaded by making a circuit around them, our forces destroying their camp equipage, &c., and capturing 300 prisoners.

Col. Brierson crossed the Amite river on the morning of the 1st inst., 10 miles from Baton Rouge. He captured a rebel cavalry picket of 160 men and horses, burned Capt. Wetherbee's house and captured his horses, and then rode into Baton Rouge looking rough but in good condition. Every railroad in Mississippi has been cut by them. They have supplied themselves with fresh horses on the route and brought in over 300 contrabands on horses. Nearly all the latter also leading horses.

A Successful Cavalry Dash into Tennessee.

PADUCAH, Ky., 14th. I am just down from the Tennessee river. I have on board prisoners captured at Lindon on the night of the 12th. I took on board the gunboats 55 men and horses of the 1st Western Virginia cavalry, under command of Colonel Breckinridge, and landing them on the east side of the river, sending the gunboats to cover the landings above and below. Col. Breckinridge dashed across the country to Lindon and surprised a rebel force more than twice his number, captured Lt. Col. Frierson, 1 captain, 1 surgeon, 4 lieutenants, 30 rebel soldiers, 11 conscripts, 50 horses, 2 army wagons, arms, &c.

The Court House, which was the rebel depot, was burned, with a quantity of army supplies. The enemy lost three killed. We lost no men, but had one horse killed. Colonel Breckinridge, after this exploit, reached our vessels in safety, and re-crossed the river. I will send the prisoners to Cairo.

(Signed) S. L. PHELPS,
Commanding Tenn. and Miss. Squadron.

FOREIGN HUMBUG AND NATIVE HONESTY. With all our cuteness, we are annually swindled by foreign humbugs who palm themselves on us as medical men and university-graduates. Mr. A. Speer, however, comes out flat-footed and tells us he is no doctor—but a plain, practical man, with a good property in New Jersey which he has turned to account in making his Sambuci wine which he does not wish the public to regard as a patent medicine, but simply to give it credit for whatever medicinal virtues scientific men affirm it possesses.

Messrs. Chilton & Co., the eminent chemists of New York, "pronounce it pure and for medicinal purposes supeior to other wines. Its effects upon the system being mildly stimulating, diuretic, sudorific and tonic, and beneficial in affections of the kidneys and chronic diseases, with general debility of the constitution."

Dr. Harris of the N. Y. Hospital, "finds it an excellent tonic and gentle stimulant preferable to the commercial port and other wines, and recommends it especially for ladies." Dr. Parish of Philadelphia "pronounces it to be a purely unadulterated juice of the grape, possessing much medicinal virtue, and uses it for its purity, fine flavor, medicinal properties, and non-intoxicative qualities, &c." Our limited space forbids any more extracts from letters of similar import from numerous physicians and clergymen, many of the latter using it as communion wine in preference to foreign wines. The above wine is sold by druggists.—*Harpers' Weekly.*

A NOBLE WOMAN. Last Wednesday Miss Mary Clark, residing near Robinson Hill in Bethel, while going home, observed a slide take place in the cut on the Atlantic & St. Lawrence railroad, and at the same time heard a train approaching. Knowing that the train would be thrown from the track, and in all probability loss of life would occur, as the slide took place on a curve where the danger could not be seen until too late to avoid it, she ran swiftly round the curve, waved her shawl and shouted as loudly as possible. She was observed by Mr. Chandler, engineer of the freight train, who, from the actions of Miss Clark knew there must be something wrong. He pulled up the train as quick as possible and stopped it when within a few feet of the slide, which covered both rails of the track to the depth of five or six feet, a distance of the length of two cars. Mr. Chandler says if he had run on to it the damage would have been thousands of dollars, to say nothing of casualties of life and limb, and but for the warning given by the lady he could not have escaped disaster. —*Press.*

THE NOVA SCOTIA GOLD MINES. The report of the chief gold commissioner to the Legislature of Nova Scotia shows that the newly discovered mines have yielded satisfactory returns. The average number of men employed in the mining districts during the last quarter of 1862 was 484, whose net profits are estimated at $1 18 per day. The quantity reported as the produce of the mines for the whole year was 7110 ounces. Thirty quartz mills, costing $107.000, are already in operation.

Foreign News.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamer City of Washington from Liverpool April 29th and Queenstown 30th, arrived at New York May 12th.

England.

The failure of the attack of the iron clads on Charleston attracts much attention.

The *Times* regards it as a catastrophe more signal than any reverse the North has yet sustained, and draws a moral that forts are still more than a match for iron-clads.

The Daily *News* says it is puerile to describe the repulse as a catastrophe, and doubts whether many sensible Americans ever expected to see Charleston taken by the fleet.

The *Observer* says the representations sent to Washington regarding Mr. Adams' conduct in granting certificates to Mexico, will doubtless shorten his diplomatic mission in London.

The *Times* on the contrary says the difficulties are likely to be smoothed down.

It is reported that Mr. Adams admits acting with undue haste, and consequently raises no pretensions to necessitate an absolute protest from one government to another.

The *Star* says the frank explanation of Mr. Adams has re-established friendly feelings, which always existed between him and Russell.

The Polish Insurrection.

There was an important engagement on the 25th ult., between the Russians and Insurgents near Wark, south of Warsaw. The Russians were defeated with great loss.

Langiewicz has been conveyed by the Austrians to a Bohemian fortress.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamship America from Liverpool May 2d and Queenstown 3d arrived at Halifax May 14th.

Great Britain.

In Parliament, Earl Russell, in reply to Lord Chelmsford, said he understood that in future any mails seized would be forwarded to their destination without breaking the seal. When the Government received the communication which was to come from the American Government it would be its duty to consider what answer they should return.

Mr. Layard said he had much satisfaction in stating that a dispatch had been received from Lord Lyons, announcing that Mr. Seward had given directions that the malls on board the Peterhoff should be sent to their destination unopened. (cheers.)

In the House of Lords on the 30th, Earl Russell said as the question of the Peterhoff and the detention of Her Majesty's mails was the subject of discussion a few days ago, it might be convenient that he should state the substance of an intimation he had received from Lord Lyons. Lord Lyons stated that in answer to an application, Mr. Seward informed him that the American Government had determined not to release the vessels and cargo, but to send them before the Prize Court. With regard to the mails, in conformity with the letter of Oct. 31st, they would be forwarded to their destination. Mr. Seward stated that in any similar case the same course would be pursued until some agreement was made upon the subject.

Poland.

The Cracow correspondent of the London *Times* says, it appears from official inquiries, on the part of the National Government of Poland, that there are 150 bands of Insurgents in that Kingdom alone, some few of which are from 200 to 500 strong.

The Warsaw official *Journal* confirms the news that 500 Russians had been defeated and forced to seek refuge in Prussian territory. Three Russian Infantry Corps had been entirely defeated near Kosszee by the Insurgents. The Insurgents it is said have been defeated at Ostrowor, near Kalish, and to have 1000 taken prisoners.

The details of the defeat of the Russians by Circassians, in which the Grand Duke Michael had such a narrow escape from capture, are published. The Russian party was routed by 3000 Circassians, and the Grand Duke and his party fled in disorder; many were killed.

The *Herald's* correspondent says the conviction is growing general in Paris that the avoidance of war with Russia no longer rests with England and France but with Russia.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.
CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$8 00 to 10 50	Round Hog,	$5 00 to 6 00
Corn Meal,	1 05 to 1 15	Clear Salt Pork,	9 00 to 10 00
Rye Meal,	1 20 to 1 35	Mutton,	6 to 10
Wheat,	1 62 to 2 00	Turkeys,	12 to 14
Rye,	90 to 95	Chickens,	10 to 12
Corn,	1 05 to 1 10	Geese,	7 to 10
Barley,	1 15 to 1 20	Clover seed,	10 to 15
Beans,	2 50 to 2 75	Timothy,	2 50 to 2 75
Oats,	60 to 65	Red Top,	75 to 80
Potatoes,	40 to 45	Hay,	14 00 to 16 00
Dried Apples,	6 to 8	Lime,	85 to 1 00
Cooking "	25 to 50	Fleece Wool,	45 to 60
Winter "	40 to 50	Pulled Wool,	50 to 65
Butter	18 to 20	Sheep Skins,	1 75 to 2 20
Cheese,	12 to 16	Hides,	7 to 7½
Eggs,	14 to 16	Calf Skins,	14 to 15
Lard,	12 to 14	Lamb Skins,	1 25 to 2 75

BRIGHTON MARKET---May 14.

At market, 550 Beeves, 100 Stores, 2100 Sheep and Lamb, and 1300 Swine.

Prices—*Market Beef*—Extra $10,00; first quality $9,50; second do., $8,50; third do. $6.50.

Working Oxen—None.

Milch Cows—$44 @ $47; common $19 @ $23.

Veal Calves—$5,00 @ $8,00.

Yearlings—$9.00 @ 10,50; two years old, $21 @ $22; three years old $23 @ $24.

Hides—8½ @ 9c. *Calf Skins* 12 @14c. ℔ lb.

Tallow—Sales at 8c @ 8½c ℔ lb.

Pelts—$3 00 @ 3 50.

Sheep and Lambs—$3,00 @ $3,50; extra 4,25, @ 5 00.

Spring Pigs—Wholesale, 5c; retail, 6 @ 7½c.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, the same price, at a shrinkage from live weight, agreed on by the parties, varying from 28 to 34 ℔ cent.

Remarks—The supply of Beef was short and there was a slight advance. Sheep and Lambs sold much the same as last week. Swine are dull and prices declining.

BOSTON MARKET....May 16.

Flour—The market is steady but quiet for Flour, and the sales have been at $5,25 @ $5,50 for Western superfine; $5,75 @ $7,25 for common extras; $7,50 @ $7,75 for medium do.; and $8,00 $10,00 for good and choice brands, including favorite St. Louis.

CORN—Western mixed, 88 @ 93c, per bushel.

OATS—Western and Canada, 82 @ 84c ℔ bushel.

RYE—$1 12 ℔ bushel.

HAY—Sales of Eastern at $15½ @ $16.

WOOL—Fleece and pulled Wool, 75 @ 90 ℔ lb.

NEW YORK MARKET....May 18.

Flour—State and Western continues dull and unsettled; Superfine State $5.35 a $5.65; extra $5,00 a 6,15; choice, 6,20 a 6,40; round hoop Ohio $6,40 a 6,60; superfine Western 5,45 a 5,70; extra Western 6,00 a 6,40; Southern 10 cents lower—mixed to good $6.70 a $7,00; fancy and extra $7,10 a 9,50; Canada 10 a 20c lower—common 6,05 a 6,40; extra $7,15 a $8.00.

Wheat opened dull and 1 a 2 cents lower—Chicago spring $1,21 a 140; Milwaukie club $1 33 @ $1 42; red winter western $1 44 @ $1,50; Canada, $1 10 @ $1 17.

Corn 1 a 2c lower—mixed western 72c @ 73c.

Barley—N ot quoted.

Special Notices.

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.

Published for the benefit, and as a warning and CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, etc., supplying at the same time, THE MEANS OF SELF CURE. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense and injury through medical humbug and quackery.

By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author. NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.,
1y23 Bedford, Kings County, N. Y.

QUACKERY!

I earnestly caution all young men suffering from Nervous Debility, &c, against endangering their health by patronising any of the advertising quacks. You can fully recover by the methods used by the undersigned, and by hundreds of others, and in no other way. Read a letter which I will send you if you send me a postpaid envelope bearing your address. Direct to EDWARD H. TRAVER,
3m18 Lock Box, Boston, Mass.

Married.

In Augusta, May 15th, by Rev. C. F. Penney, William Derby to Mrs. Isabella W. Coombs; May 16th, Hartley Chaney of Whitefield, to Frances A. Snell of Vassalboro'; May 18th, Timothy R. Bragg to Sarah P. Hawes; May 16th, by Rev. Mr. Ingraham, Silas S. Stimpson to Laura J. Cunningham, both of Windsor; May 17th, by Rev. Mr. Bray, George W. Henderson to Paulina C. Blake, both of Hallowell.

In Monmouth, May 17th, by Rev. G. D. Balentine, Jabez S. Ballard of Augusta, to Miss H. E. Gilman of M.

In Baxton, May 8th, by Rev. Joseph Bartlett, Alexander Brooks, Esq., of Hollis, to Susan B., daughter of Peter Emery, Esq., of Baxton.

In Troy, May 31, by Elder J. Cotton, David H. Tibbetts to Mrs. Jane Rogers.

In Belfast, Fred L. Wheeler to Lydia A. Brown.

In Stockton, Charles Turner to Mrs. Julia C. Heagan.

In South Montville, J. M. Abbott to Sarah E. Shepard.

In Biddeford, Capt. Jesse T. Carver to Evelina Nichols, both of Searsport.

In Portland, Charles P. Brackett to Sarah F. Leighton.

In Farmington, Jeremiah Ellsworth of Freeman, to Mrs. Anna W. Reed.

In Rockport, Henry J. Wilson of Manchester, N. H., to Mary Ann Smith of Camden.

In Union, Joseph Jones to Hannah Jones both of Hope.

In Hallowell, F Llewellyn Johnson to Lizzie E. Meservey.

In Eastport, Robert H. Thompson to Christiana Frost.

Died.

In Augusta, May 17th, Luther W. Reed, aged 41 years.

In Albion, Mrs. Martha J. Libbey, aged 23 years.

In Hallowell, Henry Williams, aged 62 years.

In Lewiston, Augusta S., wife of Solon Clarke, aged 27 years.

In Berwick, Susan W., wife of Elisha C. Raymond, aged 56 years; John A. Farr, aged 26 years.

In Bethleham, Penn, Judge Anson G. Chandler of Calais.

In Stockton, Thomas Marden, aged 59 years.

In Brookline, Amos Allen, aged 90 years.

In Leeds, Dea. John Lane, aged 66 years 8 months.

In Gardiner, Sarah, wife of Dea. Jordan Libby, aged 66 years.

In Biddeford, Charles Perkins, aged 23 years 7 months.

In Alfred, Edward A. Berry, aged 27 years.

The subscriber announces to his old friends and customers and the public generally, that he has taken the Blacksmith Shop at the South end of Water street, where he does Horse Shoeing in the best possible manner,

All kinds of Jobbing and Repairing done.

The public generally are invited to come and try him. Horse shoes and nails made by hand in the shop from the best of iron.

J. N. CLIFFORD.
Augusta, May 19, 1863. 23tf

BUY THE BEST THING!

We warrant you to find it in *WELLCOME'S REMEDIES*. Testimonials of their superior value are constantly coming to us without asking.

From Elder S. J. Roney.

"My neighbor's wife, who has been sick many years, having used two bottles of Wellcome's Great German Remedy, enjoys better health than for years before. Her husband says it has done her more good than all her doctors for ten years past. He thinks there is nothing equal to it. J. S. RONEY.
Lynn, Mass., March 15, 1863.

"MR. WELLCOME:—I have been using your G. G. Remedy for a bad case of Bronchitis and loss of voice. My voice is nearly restored. My throat and lungs appear to be well. I used two large bottles. I sold one bottle, which cured a cough and loss of voice." D. N. KIDDER.
Bristol, N. H., July 28, 1862.

From the wife of Rev. J. H Conant.

"DEAR SIR:—I have been using your Great German Cough Remedy for severe Influenza, attended with cough and asthma. It possesses properties superior to any medicine I have ever tried. I prize it far above the 'Pectorals,' or the 'Expectorants' now so popular in market. I most cheerfully recommend it to the suffering."
Richmond, Me., April 6, 1862.

From Boston, Mass.

MR. WELLCOME:—Your G. G. Remedy has cured me of a bad case of Bronchitis of several years standing. My uncle of Lewiston, Me., induced me to try it. N. DICKSON.
Boston, Mass., Nov. 5, 1860.

Will you be Cured also?

Mr. Sam'l Loring of North Yarmouth, took one bottle of "Wellcome's Liver Regulator," and says, "It has benefitted me more than a hundred dollars." Mr. C. White of Richmond, says, "two bottles of your *Liver Regulator* has benefitted my wife more than one hundred dollars. She has suffered from liver complaint for over twenty years." Mr. W. Chase of Bangor, says, "I have used 'Wellcome's Liver Regulator' with much profit to myself." Mrs. Nancy Humphrey of Yarmouth, says, "I have used Wellcome's Liver Regulator, and think it to be an excellent medicine for liver complaint." Mr. W. L. Rowell of Hatley, C. E., says, "Your Liver Regulator is a most excellent medicine. I have used it in my own family. It gives satisfaction wherever used." Young & Cutler, West Camden, say, "Your Liver Regulator is all sold; send us more. We can send you some first rate certificates of cures effected by it." C. H. Robinson of Litchfield, says, "I want two bottle of Wellcome's Liver Regulator; it is doing great things in this neighborhood." We have great numbers of such certificates.

Cure your Pains.

[From the kingdom of Perry Davis' "Pain Killer," Providence.]

"MR. WELLCOME: Enclosed is ten dollars for more of your *'Pain Curer.'* It is all the go here."
SAMUEL BURROUGHS.

It is all the go. This man ordered and received of us $49 99 worth in three months, to sell in Providence, R. I., last summer.

"MR. WELLCOME: Your 'Pain Curer' is doing wonders here One case of sciatic rheumatism yielded to it here, after eighty dollars were spent on it with physicians in Boston. Your G. G. Remedy saved a child's life in croup.
D. N. KIDDER, Bristol, N. H.

We warrant our "Pain Curer" to be superior to any other preparation known for pains, cramps, neuralgia, rheumatism, sprains, toothache, chills, urinary troubles, and a score of other ills and pains.

Stop that Diarrhœa.

We prepare a "Diarrhœa Syrup," which has proved itself for 20 years to be master of that trouble in nearly all its forms. We challenge *all* to produce its equal. It has done wonders in the army, and could it be thoroughly introduced into the hospitals, it would save thousands of lives and the government great expense.

N. B. *Our remedies are purely vegetable*, safe for all, old and young, male and female, at all times.

☞ Call for our Circulars and see what your neighbors say.

Prepared by I. C. WELLCOME & CO., Druggists, Yarmouth, Me. Sold by medicine dealers extensively.

Augusta, by F. W. KINSMAN and CHAS. F. POTTER.
Portland, H. H. HAY, and W. F. PHILLIPS, wholesale agents. 4w20

BLACK HAWK STALLION

NAPOLEON.

This beautiful Horse is nine years old, of a glossy, jet black color; stands fifteen hands high, and has sired more stylish, fast stepping colts than any horse of his age in the State. He has trotted a full mile to a track in public, in 2.43, trotting the last quarter at the rate of 2.24.

REFERENCES:

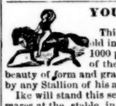
William Beal, Winthrop,	Timothy Winn, Derby Line, Vt.,
Charles Jackson, Winthrop,	T. W. Wyman, " "
Isaiah Pompilly, Auburn,	J. S. Judd, " "
Timothy Irish, Auburn,	J. T. Smith, Coventry, Vt.,
Lloyd Carver, North Leeds,	Samuel Blood, Canaan, Vt.,

This Horse will stand for the use of mares the ensuing season as follows:

MONDAYS, West Poru; TUESDAYS, at Mexico Corner, and the remainder of each week at Canton Mills.

TERMS:—$10 to insure a foal. Mares disposed of will be considered with foal.

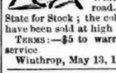
This Horse will stand during the month of August at Derby Line, Vt. O. T. BOSWORTH.
Canton Mills, May 20, 1863. 4w23



YOUNG IKE PARTINGTON.

This beautiful young Stallion will be 4 years old in July next, stands 15½ hands high, weighs 1000 pounds when in flesh; is of the finest blood of the celebrated Vermont Morgan stock. For beauty of form and grace of action, this colt cannot be surpassed by any Stallion of his age in Maine.

He will stand this season for the use of a limited number of mares at the stable in the rear of C. H. Greenlef's store on Sand Hill. Terms, $8 to warrant, $5 for season, $3 single service. Owners of mares at their own risk at time of service.
JOHN REMINGTON.
Augusta, May 14, 1863. 10w23*



THE KNIGHTS HORSE,

Which formerly stood at North Wayne, will stand this season at my stable, one mile from Winthrop Village, on the East Monmouth road. This Horse is second to no Horse in the State for Stock; the colts are fast trotters, and many of them have been sold at high prices.

TERMS:—$5 to warrant; $4 for the season; $3 for single service. N. N. KNIGHT.
Winthrop, May 13, 1863. 8w23

J. S. BIXBY,

DEALER IN SEVEN OCTAVE & MINIATURE

PIANO FORTES

ALSO SUPERIOR ROSE-WOOD & WALNUT CASED

MELODEONS AND HARMONIUNS.

Post Office Address NORRIDGEWOCK, Me.

Samples of the smaller Instruments can be seen at the residence of Joseph B Hopkins, Farmington Centre. Also at Mrs. C. W. S. Dowas, Auburn, and at the Register of Deeds Office, Norridgewock.

☞ Call and see them. 23tf

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE PETITION of JOHN MOWER, Administrator on the estate of William Bragg, late of Vassalborough, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate by the sum of about three hundred dollars; that said deceased died seized and possessed of certain real estate, situate in Vassa'borough, in said County, and described as follows: The homestead of the deceased, and bounded as follows: On the north by land of Jeremiah Wheeler, on an execution against Alonzo Bragg, the redemption of which has expired. That a part of said real estate cannot be sold without injury to the remainder: and the said Administrator requests that he may be empowered, agreeably to law, to sell at and convey all the above described real estate, together with the reversion of the widow's dower therein, pursuant to the provisions of law.
JOHN MOWER.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Court of Probate, at AUGUSTA, on the second Monday of May, 1863.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, that notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of June next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.*

A True copy of the petition and order thereon.

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.* 23*

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE PETITION of GUSTAVUS B. SHOREY, Executor on the estate of Daniel Shorey, Jun., late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of said deceased, is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate, by the sum of one hundred dollars; that said deceased died seized and possessed of certain real estate, situate in said Augusta, in said County, and described as follows, viz:—The interest of the deceased in the shop and lot on Water street, now occupied by John Shirley. That a partial sale of said real estate would injure the remainder thereof; and an advantageous offer has been made to him for said real estate, by M. P. Faught, including the reversion of the widow's dower therein, and that the interest of all concerned will be promoted by an immediate acceptance thereof. Said Executor therefore prays that he may be authorized to accept of said offer, and sell said real estate to the person making the same. G. B. SHOREY.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Court of Probate at AUGUSTA, on the second Monday of May, 1863.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, that notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of June next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.*

Copy of petition and order thereon.

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.* 23*

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of May*, 1863.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of DAVID ROCKWOOD, late of Belgrade, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of June next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*

A true copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 23*

LINCOLN, SS.—*At a Court of Probate, held at Wiscasset within and for the County of Lincoln, on the fifth day of May, A. D.* 1863.

JEREMIAH WHEELER, named Executor in a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of Abraham Preble, late of Whitefield, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

Ordered, That the said Jeremiah Wheeler give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be posted up in some public place in the town of Whitefield, and by publishing the same in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Wiscasset, in said County, on the second day of June next, and shew cause if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

HIRAM CHAPMAN, *Judge of Probate.*

A true copy—Attest: J. J. KENNEDY, *Register of Probate.*

SAPONIFIER,

OR CONCENTRATED LYE,

A READY FAMILY SOAP MAKER.

Of three times the strength of common Potash.

The public are cautioned against the spurious articles of Lye

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Poetry.

READY FOR DUTY.

Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay in many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly had heard under ground
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter chains,
Of the whistling spring winds and the pattering rains.

"Now then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,
"It is time I shou d start!"
So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her,—grey clouds over-head,—
The trees all looked dead.
Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine and the ice would not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still working away:
"The earth's hard to-day!
There's but a half inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two thirds of that is more yellow than green!

"I can't do much yet but I'll do what I can.
It's well I began!
For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the Spring herself's dead."

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly! so brave and so true!
I wish all were like you!
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.

Our Story-Teller.

THE REDEEMED PROFLIGATE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

In the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, a young man came limping down on foot, to the town of Chatham. He was a poor traveler, without a farthing in his pocket. He came down to Chatham to enlist in a cavalry regiment, if a cavalry regiment would have him; if not, to take King George's shilling from any corporal or sergeant who would put him a bunch of ribbons in his hat. His object was to get shot; but he thought he might as well ride to death as be at the trouble of walking.

His name was Richard, but he was better known as Dick. He dropped his own surname on the road down, and took that of Doubledick. He was passed as Richard Doubledick; age twenty-two; height, five feet ten; native place Exmouth; which he had never been near in his life. There was no cavalry in Chatham when he limped over the bridge with half a shoe to his dusty foot, so he enlisted into a regiment of the line, and was glad to get drunk and forget all about it.

This young man had gone wrong and run wild. His heart was in the right place, but it was sealed up. He had been bethrothed to a good and beautiful girl, whom he had loved better than she—or perhaps even he—believed; but, in an evil hour, he had given her cause to say to him, solemnly, "Richard, I will never marry any other man. I will live single for your sake, but Mary Marshall's lips"—her name was Mary Marshall—"never shall address another word to you on earth! Go Richard, Heaven forgive ou!" This finished him. This brought him down to Chatham. This made him Private Richard Doubledick, with a determination to be shot.

There was not a more dissipated and reckless soldier in Chatham barracks in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, than Private Richard Doubledick. He associated with the dregs of every regiment, he was as seldom sober as he could be, and was constantly under punishment. It became clear to the whole barracks that Private Richard Doubledick would very soon be flogged.

Now, the Captain of Richard Doubledick's company was a young gentleman not above five years his senior, whose eyes had an expression in them which affected Private Richard Doubledick in a very remarkable way. They were bright, handsome, dark eyes—what are called laughing eyes generally, and, when serious, rather steady than severe—but they were the only eyes now left in his narrowed world that Private Richard Doubledick could not stand. Unabashed by evil report and punishment, defiant of every thing else and every body else, he had but to know that those two eyes looked at him for a moment, and he felt ashamed. He could not so much as salute Captain Taunton in the street, like any other officer. He was reproached and confused—troubled by the mere possibility of the Captain's looking at him. In his worst moments he would rather turn back and go any distance out of his way, than encounter those two handsome, dark bright eyes.

One day, when Private Richard Doubledick came out of the Black Hole, where he had been passing the last eight-and-forty hours, and in which retreat he spent a good deal of his time, he was ordered to betake himself to Captain Taunton's headquarters. In a stale and squalid state of a man just out of the Black Hole, he had less fancy than ever for being seen by the Captain; but he was not so mad yet as to disobey orders, and consequently went up to the terrace overlooking the parade ground, where the officers' quarters were: twisting and breaking in his hands as he went along, a bit of the straw that had formed the decorative furniture of the Black Hole.

"Come in!" cried the Captain, when he had knocked with his knuckles at the door. Private Richard Doubledick pulled off his cap, took a stride forward, and felt very conscious that he stood in the light of the dark bright eyes.

There was a silent pause. Private Richard Doubledick had put the straw in his mouth, and was gradually doubling it up into his windpipe and choking himself.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "do you know where you are going to?"

Private Richard Doubledick turned the straw of the Black Hole in his mouth, and made a miserable salute of acquiesc nce.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "since I entered his Majesty's service, a boy of seventeen, I have been pained to see many men of promise going that road; but I have never been so pained to see a man, determined to make the shameful journey, as I have been ever since you joined the regiment, to see you."

Private Richard Doubledick began to find a film stealing over the floor at which he looked; also to find the legs of the Captain's breakfast table turning crooked, as if he saw them through water.

"I am only a common soldier, Sir," said he. "It signifies very little what such a poor brute comes to."

"You are a man," returned the Captain with grave indignation, "of education and superior advantages; and if you say that, meaning what you say, you have sunk lower than I had believed. How long that must be, I leave you to consider; knowing what I know of your disgrace, and seeing what I see."

"I hope to get shot soon, Sir," said Private Richard Doubledick; "and then the regiment and the world together, will be rid of me."

The legs of the table were becoming very crooked. Doubledick, looking up to steady his vision, met the eyes that had so strong an influence over him. He put his hand before his own eyes, and the breast of his disgrace-jacket swelled as if it would fly assunder.

"I would rather," said the young captain, "see this in you, Doubledick, than I would see five thousand guineas counted out on this table for a gift to my good mother. Have you a mother?"

"I am thankful to say she is dead, Sir."

"If your praises," returned the Captain, "were sounded from mouth to mouth through the whole regiment, through the whole army, through the whole country, you would wish she had lived to say with pride and joy. 'He is my son.'"

"Spare me, Sir," said Doubledick. "She would never have heard any good of me. She would never have had any pride and joy in owning herself my mother. Love and compassion she might have had, would have had, I know; but not—. Spare me, Sir! I am a broken wretch, quite at your mercy!" And he turned his face to the wall, and stretched out his imploring hand.

"My friend—" began the Captain.

"God bless you, Sir!" sobbed Private Richard Doubledick.

"You are at the crisis of your fate. Hold your course unchanged a little longer, and you know what must happen. I know ev n better than you can imagine, that after that has happened, you are lost. No man who could shed those tears, could bear those marks."

"I fully believe it, Sir," in a low shivering voice, said Private Richard Doubledick.

"But a man in any station can do his duty," said the young Captain, "and, in doing it, can earn his own respect, even if his case should be so very unfortunate and so very rare that he can earn no other man's. A common soldier, poor brute though you called him just now, has this advantage in the stormy times we live in, that he always does his duty before a host of sympathizing witnesses. Do you doubt that he may so do it as to be extolled through a whole country? Turn while you may yet retrieve the past and try!"

"I will! I ask for only one witness, Sir," cried Richard, with a bursting heart.

"I understand you. I will be a watchful and a faithful one."

I have heard from Private Richard Doubledick's own lips, that he dropped down upon his knee, kissed that officer's hand, arose, and went out of the light of the dark bright eyes, an altered man.

In that year, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, the French were in Egypt, in India, and men could read the signs of the great troubles that were coming on. In the very next year, when, we formed an alliance with Austria against him, Captain Taunton's regiment was on service in India. And there was not a finer non-commissioned officer in it—no, nor in the whole line—than Corporal Richard Doubledick.

In eighteen hundred and one, the India army were on the coast of Egypt. Next year was the year of the Proclamation of the short peace, and they were recalled. It had then become well known to thousands of men, that whenever Captain Taunton with his dark bright eyes, led, there, close to him, ever at his side, firm as a rock, true as the sun, and brave as Mars, would be certain to be found, while life beat in their hearts, that famous soldier, Sergeant Richard Doubledick.

Eighteen hundred and five, besides being the great year of Trafalgar, was a year of hard fighting in India. That year saw such wonders done by a Sergeant-Major, who cut his way single handed through a solid mass of men, recovered the colors of his regiment which had been seized from the hand of a poor boy shot through the heart, and rescued his wounded Captain, who was down, and in a very jungle of horses' hoofs and sabres—saw such wonders done, I say, by this brave Sergeant-Major, that he was specially made the bearer of the colors he had won; and Ensign Richard Doubledick had risen from the ranks.

Sorely cut up in every battle, but always reinforced by the bravest men—for, the fame of following the old colors, shot through and through, which Ensign Richard Doubledick had saved, inspired all breasts—this regiment fought its way through the peninsular war, up to the investment of Badajos in eighteen hundred and twelve. Again and again it had been cheered through the British ranks until the tears had sprung into men's eyes at the mere hearing of the mighty British voice so exultant in their valor; and there was not a drummer-boy but knew the legend, wherever the two friends, Major Taunton with the dark bright eyes and Ensign Richard Doubledick who was devoted to him, were seen to go, there the boldest in the English army became wild to follow.

Once, at Badajos—not in the great storming, but in repelling a hot sally of the besieged upon our men at work in the trenches, who had given way, the officers found themselves hurrying forward, face to face, against a party of French infantry who made a stand. There was an officer at their head, encouraging his men—a courageous, handsome, gallant officer, of five and thirty—whom Doubledick saw hurriedly almost momentarily, but saw well. He particularly noticed this officer waving his sword, and rallying his men with an eager excited cry, when they fired in obedience to his gesture, and Major Taunton dropped.

It was over in ten minutes more, and Doubledick returned to the spot where he had laid the best friend man ever had, on a coat spread upon the wet clay. Major Taunton's uniform was opened at the breast, and on his shirt were three little spots of blood.

"Dear Doubledick," said he, "I am dying."

"For the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed the other, kneeling down beside him, and passing his arm round his neck to raise his head. "Taunton! My preserver, my guardian angel, my witness! Dearest, truest, kindest of human beings! Taunton! For God's sake!"

The bright dark eyes—so very, very dark now, in the pale face—smiled upon him; and the hand he had kissed thirteen years ago, laid itself fondly on his breast.

"Write to my mother. You will see home again. Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me."

He spoke no more, but faintly signed for a moment toward his hair as it fluttered in the wind. The Ensign understood him. He smiled again when he saw that, and gently turning his face over on the supporting arm, as if for rest, died, with his hand upon the breast in which he had revived a soul.

"No dry eye looked on Ensign Richard Doubledick that melancholy day. He buried his friend and became a lone bereaved man. Beyond his duty he appeared to have but two remaining cares in life; one to preserve the little packet of hair he was to give to Taunton's mother; the other, to encounter that French officer who had rallied the men under who Taunton fell. A new legend now began to circulate among our troops; and it was, that when he and the French officer came face to face once more, there would be weeping in France.

The war went on—and through it went the exact picture of the French officer on the one side, and the bodily reality upon the other—until the battle of Toulouse was fought. In the returns sent home, appeared these words: "Severely wounded, but not dangerously, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick."

At Midsummer-time, in the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, now a browned soldier, seven and thirty years of age, came home in England, invalided. He brought the hair with him, near his heart. Many a French officer had he seen since that day; many a dreadful night in searching with men and lanterns for his wounded, had he relieved French officers lying disabled; but the mental picture and the reality had never come together.

Though he was weak and suffered pain, he lost not an hour in getting down to Frome, in Somersetshire, where Taunton's mother lived. In the sweet compassionate words of the inspired writer, "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

It was a Sunday evening, and the lady sat at her quiet garden window, reading the Bible; reading to herself, in a trembling voice, that very passage in it, as I have heard him tell. He heard the words: "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!"

He had to pass the window; and the bright dark eyes of his debased time seemed to look at him. Her heart told her who he was; she came to the door quickly, and fell upon his neck.

"He saved me from ruin, made me a human creature, won me from infamy and shame. Oh, God forever bless him! As He will, He will!"

"He will!" the lady answered. "I know he is in Heaven!" Then she piteously cried, "But, oh, my darling boy, my darling boy!"

Never, from the hour when Private Richard Doubledick enlisted at Chatham, had the Private, Corporal, Sergeant, Sergeant Major, Ensign, or Lieut. Doubledick. Rejoicing troops marched into Brussels and marched out; brothers and fathers, sisters, mothers, and wives came thronging thither, drew their lots of joy or agony, and departed; so many times a day the bells rang; so many times the shadows of the great buildings changed; so many lights sprang up at dusk; so many feet passed here and there upon the pavements; so many hours of sleep and cooler air of night succeeded; indifferent to all, a marble face lay on a bed, like the face of a recumbent statue on the tomb of Lieut. Richard Doubledick.

Slowly laboring, at last, through a long, heavy dream of confused time and place, presenting faint glimpses of army surgeons whom he knew, and of faces, that had been familiar to his youth—dearest and kindest among them, Mary Marshall's with a solicitude upon it more like reality than anything he could discern—Lieutenant Richard Doubledick came back to life. To the beautiful life of a calm autumn-evening sunset. To the peaceful life of a fresh quiet room with a large window standing open; a baleony beyond, in which were moving leaves and sweet-smelling flowers; beyond again, the clear sky, with the sun full in his sight, pouring its golden radiance on his bed.

It was so tranquil and so lovely that he thought he had passed into another world; and he said, in a faint voice "Taunton, are you near me?"

A face bent over him. Not his; his mother's.

"I came to nurse you. We have nursed you many weeks. You were moved here long ago. Do you remember nothing?"

"Nothing."

The lady kissed his cheek, and held his hand, soothing him.

"Where is the regiment? What has happened? Let me call you mother. What has happened, mother?"

"A great victory, dear. The war is over, and the regiment was the bravest in the field."

His eyes kindled, his lips trembled, he sobbed, and the tears ran down his face. He was very weak, too weak to move his hand.

"Was it dark just now?" he asked presently.

"No."

"It was only dark to me! Something passing away, like a black shadow. But as it went, and the sun—oh, the blessed sun, how beautiful it is!—touched my face, I thought I saw a light white cloud pass out at the door. Was there nothing that went out?"

She shook her head, and in a little while, he fell asleep; she still holding his hand, and soothing him.

From that time he recovered. Slowly, for he had been desperately wounded in the head, and had been shot in the body; but making some little advance every day. When he had gained sufficient strength to converse as he lay in bed, he soon began to remark that Mrs. Taunton always brought him back to his own history. Then he recalled his preserver's dying words, and thought "it comforts her."

One day, he awoke out of a sleep, refreshed, and asked her to read to him. But the curtain of the bed, softening the light, which she always drew back when he awoke, that she might see him from her table at the bedside where she sat at work, was held undrawn; and a woman's voice spoke, which was not hers.

"Can you bear to see a stranger?" it said softly. "Will you like to see a stranger?"

"Stranger!" he repeated. The voice awoke old memories, before the days of Private Richard Doubledick.

"A stranger now, but not a stranger once," it said in tones that thrilled him. "Richard, lost so many years, my name——"

He cried out her name, "Mary!" and she held him in her arms, and his head lay on her bosom.

"I am not breaking a rash vow, Richard.—These are not Mary Marshall's lips that speak. I have another name."

She was married.

"I have another name, Richard. Did you ever hear it?"

"Never!"

He looked into her face so pensively beautiful, and wondered at the smile upon it through her tears.

"Think again, Richard. Are you sure you never heard my altered name.

"Never."

"Don't move your head to look at me dear Richard. Let it lie here, while I tell my story. I loved a generous noble man; loved him with my whole heart; loved him for years and years; loved him faithfully, devotedly; loved him with no hope of return; loved him knowing nothing of his highest qualities—not even knowing that he was alive. He was a brave soldier. He was honored and beloved by thousands of thouands, when the mother of his dear friend found me, and showed me that in all his triumphs he had never forgotten me. He was wounded in a great battle. He was brought dying here into Brussells. I came to watch and tend him, as I would joyfully have gone, with such a purpose to the dreariest ends of the earth. When he knew no one else, he knew me. When he suffered most, he bore his sufferings barely murmuring, content to rest his head where your's now rests. When he lay at the point of death, he married me, that he might call me wife before he died. And the name, my dear love, that I took on that forgotten night—"

"I know it now!" he sobbed. "The shadowy remembrance strengthens. It is come back. I thank Heaven that my mind is quite restored! My Mary, kiss me; lull this weary head to rest, or I shall die of gratitude. His parting words are fulfilled. I see home again!"

Well! They were happy. It was a long recovery, but they were happy through it all. The snow had melted on the ground, and the birds were singing in the leafless thickets of the early spring, when those three were first able to ride out together, and when people flocked about the open carriage to cheer and congratulate Capt. Richard Doubledick.

But, even then, it became necessary for the Captain, instead of returning to England, to complete his recovery in the climate of Southern France. They found a spot on the Rhone, within a ride of the old town of Avignon, and within view of its broken bridge, which was all they could desire; they lived there, together, six months; then returned to England. Mrs. Taunton, growing old after three years—though not so old that her bright dark eyes were dimmed—and remembering that her strength had been benefited by the change, resolved to go back for a year to those parts. So she went with a faithful servant, who had often carried her son in his arms; and she was to be joined and escorted home, at the year's end, by Captain Richard Doubledick.

She wrote regularly to her children (as she called them now) and they to her. She went to the neighborhood of Aix; and there, in her own chateau, near the farm house she rented, she grew into intimacy with a family belonging to that part of France. The intimacy begun in her often meeting among the vineyards a pretty child; a girl with a most compassionate heart, who was never tired of listening to the solitary English lady's stories of her poor son and the cruel wars. The family were as gentle as the child, and at length she came to know them so well, that she accepted their invitation to pass the last month of her residence abroad under their roof. All this intelligence she wrote home, piecemeal, as it came about, from time to time; and, at last, inclosed a polite note from the head of the chateau, soliciting, on the occasion of his approaching mission to that neighborhood, the honor of the company of *cet homme si justement celebre*, Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick.

Captain Doubledick, now a hardy, handsome man in the full vigor of life, broader across the chest and shoulders than he had ever been before, dispatching a courteous reply, and followed it in person. Traveling through all that extent of country after three years of Peace, he blessed the better days on which the world had fallen. The corn was golden, not drenched in unnatural red; was bound in sheaves for food, not trodden under foot by men in mortal fight. The smoke rose up from peaceful hearts, not blazing ruins. The carts were laden with the fruit of the earth, not with wounded and dead. To him who had so often seen the terrible reverse, these things were beautiful indeed, and they brought him in a softened spirit to the old chateau near Aix, upon a deep blue evening.

It was a large chateau of the genuine old ghostly kind, with round towers and extinguishers and a high leaden roof, and more windows than Aladdin's Palace. The lattice blinds were all thrown open, after the heat of the day, and there were glimpses of rambling walls and corridors within. Then, there were immense outbuildings falling into partial decay, masses of dark trees, terrace-gardens, balustrades; tanks of water, to play and too dirty to work; statues, weeds and thickets of iron railing that seemed to have overgrown themselves like the shrubberries, and to have branched out in all manner of wild shapes. The entrance door stood open, as doors often do in that country when the heat of the day is past; and the Captain saw no bell or knocker, and walked in.

He walked into a lofty stone hall, refreshingly cool and gloomy after the glare of a Southern days travel. Extending along the four sides of this hall, was a gallery, leading to suits of rooms, and it was lighted from the top. Still no bell was to be seen.

"Faith," said the Captain, halting, ashamed of the clanking of his boots, "this is a ghostly beginning."

He started back and felt his face turn white. In the gallery, looking down at him, stood the French officer; the officer whose picture he had carried in his mind so long and far. Compared with the original, at last—in every lineament how like it was!

He moved and disappeared, and Captain Richard Doubledick heard his steps coming quickly down into the hall. He entered through an archway. There was a bright, sudden look upon his face. Much such a look as it had worn in that fatal moment.

Monsieur le Captain Richard Doubledick? Enchanted to receive him! A thousand apologies! The servants were all out in the air. There was a little fete among them in the garden. In effect, it was the fete day of my daughter, the little cherished and protected of my Madame Taunton.

He was so gracious and so frank, that Monsieur le Captain Richard Doubledick could not withhold his hand. "It is the hand of a brave Englishman," said the French officer, retaining it while he spoke. "I could respect a brave Englishman, even as my foe; how much more as my friend! I, also, am a soldier."

"He has not remembered me, as I have remembered him; he did not take such note of my face, that day, as I took of his," thought Captain Richard Doubledick. "How shall I tell him?"

The French officer conducted his guest into a garden, and presented him to his wife—an engaging and beautiful woman, sitting with Mrs. Taunton in a whimsical old-fashioned pavillion. His daughter, her young face beaming with joy, came running to embrace him; and there was a boy-baby to tumble down among the orange-trees on the broad steps, in making for his father's legs.

A multitude of children visitors were dancing to sprightly music; and all the servants and peasants about the chatteau were dancing too. It was a scene of innocent happiness that might have been invented for the climax of the scenes of peace which had soothed the Captain's journey.

He looked on, greatly troubled in his mind, until a resounding bell rang, and the French officer begged to show him his rooms. They went upstairs into the gallery from which the officer had looked down: and Monsieur le Captain Richard Doubledick was cordially welcomed to a grand outer chamber, and a smaller one within, all clocks, and draperies, and hearths, and brazen dogs, and titles, and cool devices, and elegance, and vastness.

"You were at Waterloo," said the French officer.

"I was," said Captain Richard Doubledick. "And at Badajos."

Left alone with the sound of his own stern voice in his ears, he sat down to consider. What shall I do, and how shall I tell him? At that time, unhappily, many deplorable duels had been fought between English and French officers, arising out of the recent war; and these duels, and how to avoid this officer's hospitality, were the uppermost thoughts in Capt. Richard Doubledick's mind.

He was thinking, and letting the time run out in which he should have dressed for dinner, when Mrs. Taunton spoke to him outside the door, asking if he could give her the letter he brought from Mary. "His mother above all," the Captain thought: "How shall I tell her?"

"You will form a friendship with your host, I hope," said Mrs. Taunton, whom he hurriedly admitted, "that will last for life. He is so true-hearted and generous, Richard, that you can hardly fail to esteem one another. If he had been spared," she kissed (not without tears) the locket in which she wore his hair, "he would have appreciated him with his own magnanimity, and would have been truly happy that the evil days were past, which made such a man his enemy."

She left the room; and the Captain walked, first to one window whence he could see the dancing in the garden and thence to another where he could see the smiling prospect and the peaceful vineyards.

"Spirit of my departed friend," said he, "is it through these these better thoughts are rising in my mind? Is it thou who hast shown me, all the way I have been drawn to meet this man, the blessing of the altered time? Is it thou who has sent thy stricken mother to me, to stay my angry hand? Is it from thee the whisper comes, that this man did his duty as thou didst—and is I did, through thy guidance, which has wholly saved me here on earth—and that he did no more?"

He sat down, with his head buried in his hand, and, when he rose up, made the second strong resolution of his life: That neither to the French officer, nor to the mother of his departed friend, nor to any soul while either of the two was living, would he breathe what only he knew. And when he touched that French officer's glass with his own, that day at dinner, he secretly forgave him in the name of the Divine Forgiver of injuries.

Here my story ends. But I might go on and tell how the son of Major Richard Doubledick, and the son of that French officer, friends as their fathers were before them, fought side by side in one cause, with their respective nations, like long divided brothers whom the better times have brought together, fast united.

The War for the Union.

GEN. STONEMAN'S GREAT RAID.

A Narrative of Events by One who Accompanied the Expedition.

A correspondent of the New York *Times*—Mr. E. H. Paul—who accompanied the cavalry expedition of Gen. Stoneman within the lines of the enemy between Fredericksburg and Richmond—the most important movement of the kind in a military point of view since the commencement of the war—gives the following account of the raid:

"I will take up the thread of the narrative at the time when it may be said the command first entered the enemy's line by crossing Kelly's ford. This was effected without damage on the morning of Wednesday, April 29, the Eleventh, Twelfth and Fifth army corps crossing on the same day. One division, however, of Gen. Stoneman's command, that commanded by Gen. Averill, forded the river near the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and soon after crossing encountered a small force of the enemy's cavalry, and a fight, in which artillery was employed for a short time, ensued—the enemy retiring after a brief contest. The loss on either side was small. Gen. Averill's orders were understood to be to proceed along the road toward Culpepper and Gordonsville, and by a dashing flank movement to keep the enemy's troops, known to be located in that vicinity, employed, while detachments from the main column were engaged in the most important duty of cutting off the rebel army of the Rappahannock from its base of operations. Unfortunately, Gen. Averill's command did not protect the right of the main body, and, as a consequence, the operations at different points were materially interfered with. His guns were heard on Thursday, and, from prisoners subsequently captured, we learned that a force had been encountered at Rapidan Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and after a short fight, Gen. Averill retired. At all events he was not seen, nor his anxiously listened for guns were not heard again.

Gen. Buford went to the left after crossing Kelly's ford, and had a skirmish with the enemy. The enemy charged and were repulsed; before they advanced again an abattis was constructed out of trees; the enemy charged, received a volley and retired, leaving one man dead on the field.

Gen. Stoneman with the bulk of his command, remained near Kelly's ford until nightfall, when the order to march was given, and the whole force crossed and bivouacked a short distance beyond a little rivulet—now much swollen by the recent rains—known as Fleshman's river. Here in an open plowed field, the troops slept soundly, without other protection from a cold, pitiless rain storm, that prevailed all night, than that afforded by their blankets and rubber clothes. The night was dreary in the extreme. All fires were prohibited, all bugle calls were suspended, and orders were delivered *sotto voce*, so that the enemy should have no opportunity whatever of judging of the number or position of the force. These precautions were carefully observed during the nine days' campaign, and to this may be attributed in part the success of the enterprise with so little loss.

Thursday morning (April 30) the whole command was aroused from slumber before daylight; after a little shaking and wringing, 'Boots and saddle' was whispered to the diff rent commanders, and we were soon upon the road again.

The command was at last in light marching order. To-day being well within the enemy's lines, great caution was exercised; proceeding a few miles through a piece of woods in parallel columns, a large open space of rolling ground was reached, when a halt was made in the woods, and the whole district was patrolled for an enemy. These precautionary plans were carried out during the whole expedition. The exercise of caution was particularly necessary to-day, because cannonading could be heard on the right—supposed to be in Gen. Averill's command. The advance of Gen. Buford's column arrived near Minot's ford, on the Rapidan, at one o'clock P. M. Lieut. Penn Gaskell, aid-de-camp, with a squadron of the 5th cavalry, crossed, and dashing up the river, caused some sixteen hundred rebel infantry—assembled to protect the crossing at Raccoon ford, two miles above—to leave in great haste. They succeeded in escaping with a piece of artillery which they had intended to use upon the head of Gen. Gregg's column. Lieut. Penn Gaskell followed the flying fugitives for five miles, on the road toward Orange Court House, (capturing a lieutenant and nine men, mostly artillerymen,) and Gen. Gregg crossed the river at Raccoon ford without difficulty. At night the whole force encamped on a hill commanding the ford, with orders to be in the saddle at 2 A. M.

Friday, May 1, another cold, wet night was passed in the open air, and all pretended to enjoy it hugely, and the men were standing to horse at the hour indicated, but the march was not commenced till after daylight—a guide was wanted. Major Falls, of Gen. Gregg's staff, foraged to supply the deficiency, and soon after caused much amusement by dashing along the line at the head of the column with a reliable contraband astride his horse behind. To day at Orange Spring, a Lieut. on Jackon's staff, named Mount, was captured while returning from Fauquier county, where he had been on a short leave of absence. He alleges he was captured only when his horse became unmanageable. The approach to Orange Spring was very quiet, and so close upon a column of rebel cavalry that they were forced to throw away several wagon loads of provision, and abandon their jaded horses and accoutrements. A few stragglers were captured. Among the captures to-day was a rebel engineer and team, filled with the impliments employed in his department. At 2 o'clock P. M. scouts reported that several hundred of the enemy's cavalry, with a train, were escaping by a side road on our right. Colonel Wyndham was sent in pursuit, and went to the vicinity of Madison, without overhauling the force however. There was some straggling today, owing to the desire of a few of the rear guard to obtain peach brandy, which the inhabitants deal out liberally, with a view, no doubt, to making captures. The day and night being pleasant, the command marched until 3½ o'clock Saturday morning, May 2, when a halt was made at Greenwood, one mile west of Louisa Court House.

Here was reached the Central Virginia Railroad. Detachments were sent up and down the road for miles to destroy the track, culverts and bridges, also to act as pickets to prevent surprise. The work was well done. Just at dawn, Col. Kilpatrick charged into Louisa Court House. The visit of Yankees was enitrely unexpected, and the people were caught napping, just as they had rolled over for a morning snooze.

The possibility of the invading troops being Yankees was not dreamed of until several straggling rebel soldiers had been arrested. They supposed it to be Stuart's cavalry. When the scales had fallen from their eyes with the rising of the sun, the whole town was panic-stricken. Fully believing the villainous falsehood so industriously and pertinaciously circulated by the Jeff. Davis despotism at Richmond, as to the treatment the people had everywhere received at the hands of our soldiers, they were much relieved when assured that there lives would be spared, and that private property would not be interfered with, except in such cases as all civilized nations consider legitimate—supplying the actual necessities of the troops.

While halting in Louisa, a squadron of the 1st Maine cavalry, picketing the Culpepper road was attacked by a superior force, and, after a most gallant resistance, fell back, leaving two dead. The 1st Maine and 24 New York were sent to their support, when the enemy fled.

At 4 o'clock P. M., Saturday, May 2, the railroad having been destroyed for miles, and a number of cars and bridges—over Greenwood and Hickory rivers—burned, horses and troopers well supplied with rations, the command was moved up a hill to the east of the town, and there for an hour awaited the threatened attack by troops known to be approaching from Gordonsville. but the two regiments at the west of the town were quite sufficient to induce a retrograde movement of both infantry and cavalry. At 5 o'clock the command started for Thompson's Cross Roads, (or Four Corners,) which point was reached at about 11½ o'clock P. M. From here the different expeditions started to cut the enemy's lines. At 12 o'clock midnight, Gen. Stoneman called all of the principal officers together, and explained his general plan of operations. The commander of each detachment was directed to specific points to be destroyed—the special object of his mission accomplished, he was allowed the widest latitude for any further operations.

By 2½ o'clock Sunday morning, May 3, the several expeditions had started. The moon was shining brightly, the roads were comparatively good, and for once in the history of the war everything was in harmony. Col. Wyndham, of the 1st New Jersey cavalry, with his own and the 1st Maine regiments—in all about 500 men—took a southerly direction, and crossing Owen's Creek, Licking Hole Creek, and several other creeks, reached Columbia, on the James river, at about 8 o'clock A. M. The approach of the force had been heralded, but no one believed it. The man who went to the trouble of riding ten miles to give the inhabitants notice, was almost mobbed by the people. They doubted his sanity. 'What! Yankees near Columbia?' said one citizen. 'It is impossible; Jeff Davis would not permit such an invasion' of the sacred soil. The furnisher of the unwelcome news had dirt thrown at him, was hooted at, and followed by a crowd of excited people, who were threatening him with all sorts of vengeance, just as the advance guard of Col. Wyndham's force, under Major Beaumont, dashed into the town. There were no soldiers there. A dozen or more citizens succeeded in escaping across the river and spreading the astounding intelligence.

In the canal at Columbia were found several boats loaded for Richmond with baled hay and commissary stores, all bearing the stencil mark of C. S. A. Another boat from Lynchburg arrived during the day. The torch was applied to the boats; bridges across the canal—of which there were several—and a large quantity of medical and commissary goods found in a warehouse, were either burned or thrown into the river. The bank of the canal was cut at several points within five miles and the locks destroyed. At Columbia the canal crosses the James river in a massive stone aqueduct. No one seems to have known of this structure; at all events, nothing was brought along to secure its destruction.

The engineer of the command, and Major Beaumont and Capt. Thomas of the First New Jersey cavalry, each made special effort to destroy this structure. There were no blasting tools to be had; several kegs of blasting powder, however, were found in a store-house, and three of the kegs were confined in a cask and the cask filled with pressed earth. The water in the aqueduct being eight feet deep, it was designed to sink this machine over one of the piers and destroy the same upon the Maillefort plan of blasting rocks under water. Everything was arranged and the cask was being lowered into the canal by means of a rope, when, unfortunately, the rope broke and the cask could not be recovered again within the time prudence dictated that absence from the place would be desirable. Several negroes, who followed that night, allege that two rebel regiments, with eight pieces of artillery, entered the place within two hours after Colonel Wyndham evacuated it. At about four o'clock P. M., the detachment marched down the canal bank for about five miles, forded Byrd creek, and taking the Fredericksburg pike so far as it went in the right direction, arrived at Thompson's Four Corners at ten o'clock the same night. This command, during the day, captured several hundred horses, and was followed into camp by a drove of negroes.

The movements of Gen. Gregg's command upon the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad at Ashland and vicinity; that of Col. Kilpatrick and Col. Davis upon the Virginia Central Road, between the South Anna and Richmond, and the destruction of all the pike bridges on the commissary stores and depots, have been referred to in a previous letter. Each of these detachments captured a large number of horses, and destroyed immense amounts of property in use by or ready for the agents of the rebellion.

Sunday and nearly all day Monday Gen. Buford's command was stationed near Shannon Hill, and a detachment under Capt. Drummond was sent to destroy the canal and bridge near Cedar Point, which work was most effectually accomplished. Sunday night, the 3d, it is believed both Hampton and Lee's brigades were encamped within two miles of Gen. Buford.

On the morning of the 4th a picket, consisting of 60 men, commanded by Lieut. Stoddard of the 5th cavalry, was attacked. Fifteen of our men were captured. Among the number missing are two officers, supposed to have been captured.

Tuesday, the 5th, the whole of the command concentrated near Yanceyville. In the afternoon the retrograde movement was commenced. Gen. Buford's division made a circuit, passing near Gordonsville. Gen. Gregg's division crossed the South Anna at Yanceyville, and on Friday morning, May 8, the whole force reached Kelly's ford in safety.

To sum up—Gen. Stoneman moved about within the enemy's lines at will for nine days, with a force not exceeding 5000 men; disabled every line of communication between the army of the Rappahannock and the rebel capital—and the canal through which more than one-half of their supplies are received—so that, in the opinion of competent judges, neither line, provided the rebels have every facility for the work—can be repaired in less than four weeks; destroyed millions of dollars' worth of commissary stores and other supplies; obstructed travel upon the main pikes by destroying all bridges over large streams; gave the citizens of ten countries, viz; Culpepper, Spottsylvania, Orange, Hanover, Henrico, Louisa, Goochland, Fluvanna, King William and New Kent, an opportunity to see for themselves that not only the Yankee soldiers confident and in good spirits, but are really human beings and not inhuman savages, as represented by the Richmond chivalry: captured hundreds of horses, and above all met the one great objection made to the emancipation proclamation, so far as the countries visited are concerned, by letting the colored population know that they are free, and weakening the producing class in rebeldom by the removal of hundreds of able-bodied men, and sowing the seed of demoralization among the rest so that the laboring class in fact, as well as theory, becomes a dangerous element.

All this has been accomplished by the raid of Gen. Stoneman, with the loss, probably, of less than one hundred men, all told—only two of whom were killed. As an offset to this loss our troops killed a number of rebels and captured between one and two hundred prisoners.

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